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FOUR ITALIAN CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GENOA.

My first impressions of Italian peasant life, as caught from the windows of a railway carriage, were painful ones of its extreme poverty. I saw hundreds of peasants returning from market, riding in their paltry little carts, or on their meagre donkeys, but mostly toiling on foot along the hot and dusty highway, driving a few goats or gaunt and hungry-looking swine—both men and women coarsened with field labour, unintelligent, and in appearance anything but the light-hearted, picturesque race they are so often portrayed by poet or painter. The Italians of the better class who shared our railway carriage, possessed more of the vivacity and sprightliness attributed to their race. I was much amused at the impassioned gesticulation and intonation of a young lady and a military officer, who seemed to converse as much by gesture and tone of voice as by articulate expression. Our military friend was very polite, and took evident pleasure in answering my questions, and pointing out the points of interest on the road, and on leaving the carriage, raised his hat—as I found was the general custom—to each person in the compartment.

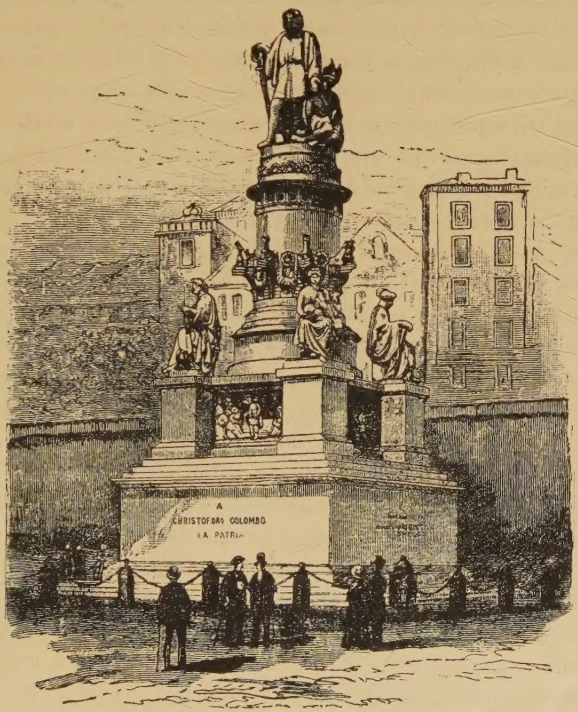
Turin is a stately city of 200,000 inhabitants. From 1859 to 1865, it was the capital of United Italy and the residence of the King. It was somewhat of a surprise to find that the royal palace, although inferior in extent to that of Versailles, was much more sumptuous in its internal decoration. The royal armoury is especially magnificent.

Turin, although a town upon its site was destroyed by Hannibal, B.C. 218, is essentially a modern city, abounding in handsome squares, and adorned with splendid street architecture. A peculiar feature is the open arcades which run beneath the buildings, upon which the elegant shops open. The foot-passenger is thus protected from sun and rain, and from the reckless driving of Italian Jehus. The only striking bit of mediæval architecture is the grim Palazzo Madama, a stern fortress of the 13th century, dominating the heart of the city. The Chapel of the Holy Napkin—which is said to contain the linen in which our Lord's body was wrapped—is a circular chamber of dark brown marble, approached by thirty-seven marble steps, and lighted with Rembrandt-like effect from a lofty dome. At Turin I obtained my first view of full-blown Mariolatry. It was at the Church of La Consolata, a huge structure, which contains a miracle-working image of the Madonna. The vast church, with every approach to it, was crowded with worshippers, and mass was being celebrated at several altars at once. The street without was thronged like a fair, with booths for the sale of sacred pictures, medals, tapers, rosaries; and boys and women were hawking printed accounts of the latest miracle of the Saint. In the corridors of the church were hundreds of votive offerings and pictures, commemorating her wonder-working power. The pictures were, for the most part, wretched daubs, representing miraculous escapes from accidents and violent death of every conceivable character. The whole scene was coarse, mercenary, and degrading in the last degree.

In the afternoon I walked out to visit the ancient Capuchin monastery—*Il Monte*. It is situated on a lofty hill, commanding a magnificent view of the city, of the "wandering Po," and of the snowy-peaked Alps in the background. The rule of the Order is very austere. Their garb is a coarse brown tunic, fastened with a girdle. Their only head-covering is an ample hood, and on their naked feet they wear coarse sandals. The cells, which open on gloomy cloisters, are narrow vaults, scarce larger than a grave, and here the monks are buried alive—for

their lives of poverty and indolence are little better than a living death. One venerable-looking old fellow kindly drew from a deep well, with an old-fashioned wheel, water to quench my thirst.

A ride of a hundred miles, for the most part through grand mountain scenery, brings one to the ancient city of Genoa. On the way we pass the famous field of Marengo, where, in 1800,



COLUMBUS MONUMENT, GENOA.

was fought, during twelve long hours, the battle which changed the destinies of the whole of Europe. With its noble terraces of frescoed palaces, rising tier above tier from the sea, Genoa sits like a queen on the slopes of the lovely Gulf, and well deserves the proud name of *La Superba.** No city in Italy contains so many old ducal palaces. These are, for the most part, built as a hollow square, with magnificent marble stairways leading to the stately halls and apartments of the upper stories.

* The initial small bird's-eye view of the city will give an idea of its splendid harbour and engirdling chain of forts on the surrounding hills.

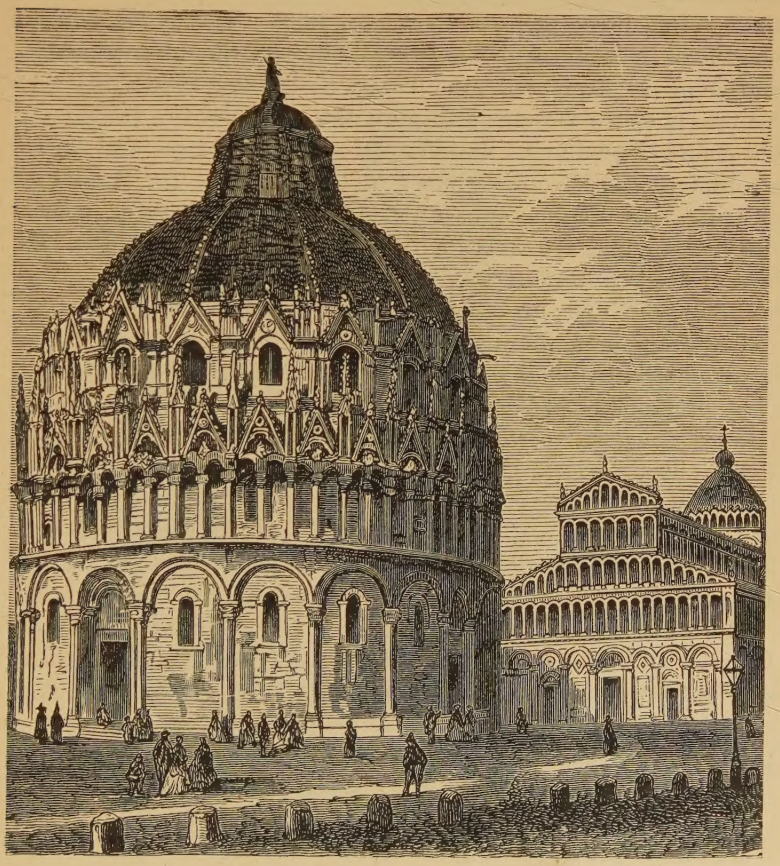
The outer walls bear elaborate frescoes, which still preserve much of their original brightness. The lower windows are heavily barred with iron, which gives the streets a narrow, gloomy and prison-like appearance. At the entry to the great houses stands the *concierge*, magnificent in gold-laced livery, silk stockings and gold-headed staff of office. Many of the palaces, with their priceless art treasures, are freely thrown open to the inspection of tourists; and though now exhibiting "a faded splendour wan," they recall its golden prime, when Genoa vied with Venice for the mastery of the Mediterranean. Some of the most interesting memories of Genoa are connected with that intrepid genius who first unveiled the western world to European eyes. A noble marble monument of the great discoverer, with reliefs of the principal scenes of his life, graces one of its squares—(See engraving on page 287.)

Genoa has a thoroughly foreign aspect—the narrow streets, some are not more than five feet wide; the trains of laden mules, with jingling bells on their necks; the gloomy arcades under many of the buildings; the black-lace veils, worn as the only head-dress of ladies in the streets; and other peculiarities, remind us that we are in Italy. It was the *festa* of St. John the Baptist, and the churches were gay with floral decorations. The cathedral of San Lorenzo, especially, was festooned with wreaths, and at night illuminated with countless lamps. I stood in the square and listened to the sweet-toned clangour of the joyous *festa* bells. In this same old church is preserved, with great veneration, the so-called "Holy Grail," or vessel out of which our Lord partook, it is said, the Last Supper with His disciples.

The most sumptuous church in Genoa is that of S. Annunziata, —an ugly brick structure without, but within a perfect blaze of gold and marble, lapis lazuli and precious stones. The city is wonderfully irregular in surface. The Ponte Carignano is a bridge leaping across a densely-peopled valley, a hundred feet deep—some of the houses are nine stories high—while the still higher grounds are crowned with villas and gardens. From these an enchanting view is obtained of the far-shimmering surface of the blue Mediterranean, the majestic sweep of the coast-line, and the noble and fortress-crowned heights that girdle the city.

The ride from Genoa to Pisa, about a hundred miles, is one of the most magnificent in Italy. The railway skirts the wild

and romantic sea coast, with its bold and rocky promontories. In that short distance it traverses no less than eighty tunnels. On one side stretches the deep blue expanse of the Mediterranean, whose surf dashes in snowy foam upon the rocky coast, and on the other the vine-and-olive-clad slopes of the Appenines, dotted with villas, orange and lemon plantations,



Baptistery and Cathedral, Pisa.

with clumps of cypress, palms, and stone pines, citrons, oleanders and myrtles. We swept round the noble gulf of Spezzia, to which the memory of Shelley, who was drowned in its waters and his body burned on its shore, lends a pathetic interest.

The ancient city of Pisa presents probably the most wonderful group of buildings in the world—the Cathedral, Leaning Tower,

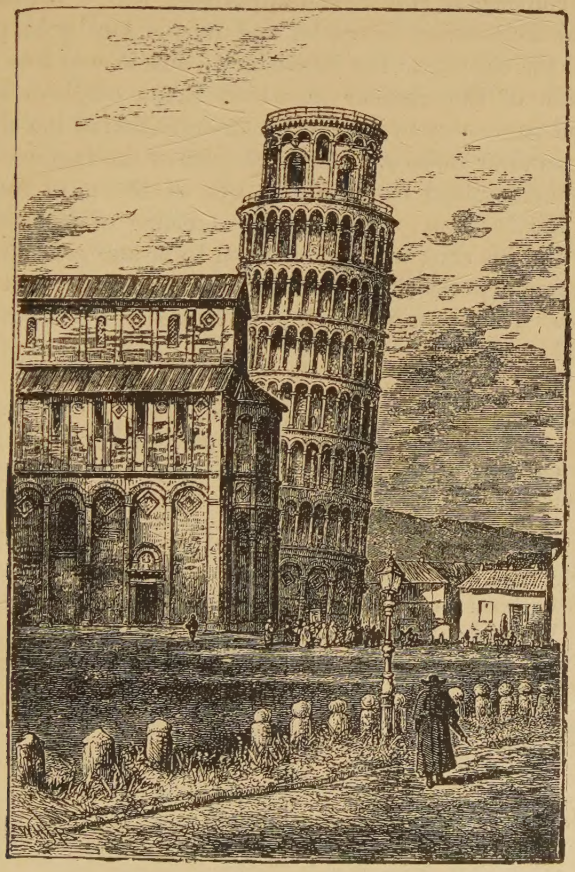
Baptistery, and Campo Santo. The Cathedral is a vast structure, dating, except its restorations, from the eleventh century. Its alternate bands of black and white marble, with its magnificent façade of columned arcades, gives it a unique and striking appearance. The effect of the interior is of unusual solemnity and awe. From the vast and shadowy dome looks down, in act of benediction, a mosaic effigy of Christ, by Cimabue, in the austere Byzantine style, of date A.D. 1302. The gilded roof is supported by sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman monolithic marble or porphyry columns, captured by the Pisans in war. No two of these columns are quite alike in height or thickness; but a sort of symmetry is given by adding capitals and bases of different heights. The effect of the whole is far from unpleasing. In the nave hangs the large bronze lamp whose swaying to and fro is said to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. I visited, in an obscure back street, the house in which the great astronomer was born.

The Baptistery is a circular marble building, a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by columned arcades, and surmounted by a lofty dome. The pulpit and large octagonal font are marvels of marble fretwork—like exquisite lace hardened into stone. That which, to me at least, gave its chief interest to the building, was its exquisite echo. The guide sang over and over again a series of notes, and the softened sounds fell back from the lofty dome, faint and far, yet clear and distinct, and with an unearthly sweetness, like elfin notes in fairyland.

More famous than any other building of the group is the Leaning Tower—a structure of remarkable beauty. It consists of eight stories of marble colonnades, rising one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and leaning thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It causes a strange sensation of fancied insecurity to look down from the overhanging edge of the airy structure. One involuntarily begins to pick out the place where he is going to fall, for to fall seems for the moment inevitable. Yet for five hundred years and more, this lovely "leaning miracle" has reared its form of beauty to the wondering gaze of successive generations.

The Campo Santo is a large quadrangle surrounded by spacious arcades, with gothic tracery of exquisite beauty. The enclosure contains fifty-three shiploads of earth brought from Mount Calvary, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground. The walls are covered with frescoes by Orcagna and

other early Tuscan artists. Among the more striking of these are representations of the Triumph of Death and the Last Judgment. In the former a group of gay and gallant horsemen come suddenly upon three open coffins, from which even the horses shrink with shuddering horror. In the latter the crude and dreadful representations of the regions of eternal



PISA'S "LEANING MIRACLE."

gloom, which Dante afterwards set forth in undying verse, are portrayed with a repulsive vividness. The Italians seem fond of multiplying such morbid mementoes of death and the under world. For five long centuries these realistic paintings have been reading their ghastly lessons of mortality to successive generations of mankind.

At the very door of the cathedral, on that bright and sunny

morning, I was confronted by another strange *memento mori*, a hideous figure, dressed in a long robe of black, with a black hood over his head, through the ghastly eye-holes of which his dark eyes looked out on the world without. With a hollow voice he asked alms for the burial of the dead—for to that sad office the brethren of the *Misericordia* devote their lives. A striking contrast to this dismal apparition was a brilliant procession of ecclesiastics in scarlet and purple and gold, proceeding from the church to the Baptistery; but it was but another illustration of the manner in which Rome employs outward pomp and pageantry to impress the imagination of her devotees.

With peculiar interest I visited the site of the famous Hunger Tower, immortalized by Dante in one of the most tragic episodes of the *Inferno*. For the alleged crime of treason Count Ugolino and his sons were condemned to be starved to death in this gruesome prison, 1288. The closing scene is thus vividly described. The ghost of Ugolino addresses the Tuscan poet in the world of gloom:

"Both hands for very anguish did I gnaw,
They, thinking that I tore them with desire
Of food, rose sudden from their dungeon straw,
And spoke: 'Less grief it were, of us, O sire;
If thou would'st eat—These limbs, thou, by our birth,
Did'st clothe. Despoil them now if need require!'
Not to increase their pangs of grief and dearth,
I calmed me. Two days more all mute we stood:
Wherefore didst thou not open, pitiless earth!
Now when our fourth sad morning was renewed,
Gaddo fell at my feet, outstretched and cold,
Crying, 'Wilt thou not, father, give me food?'
There did he die; and as thine eyes behold
Me now, so saw I three, fall one by one,
On the fifth day and sixth; where in that hold,
I, now grown blind, over each lifeless son,
Stretched forth mine arms. Three days I called their names—
Then Fast achieved what Grief had not yet done."

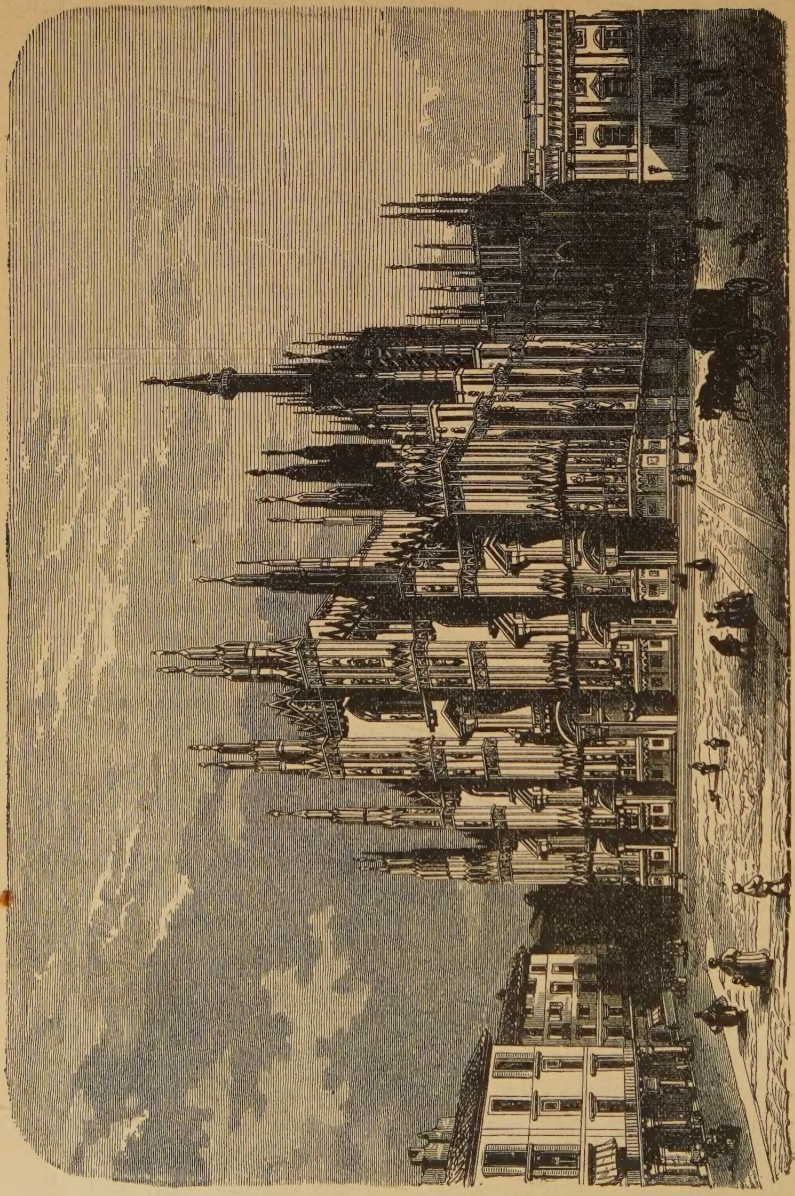
Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the most ancient and most interesting towns in Italy, dating from the sixth century B.C. Since the fourth century A.D., it has surpassed, both in extent and importance, Rome itself. It became an imperial residence, and the Church of Milan was long the rival of that of Rome. It has now 300,000 inhabitants, and is the most

progressive city of the peninsula, the representative of New Italy, with its energy, its aspirations, its civil and religious liberty.

Of course the great attraction of Milan is its celebrated cathedral, and to it I first of all made my way. There it stood in the great square with its hundred glistening pinnacles and two thousand marble statues, like some exquisite creation of frostwork, which one might almost expect to see melt and disappear. The Milanese call it the eighth wonder of the world. Next to St. Peter's at Rome and the Cathedral at Seville, it is the largest church in Europe.

As I entered the vast and shadowy interior, the transition from the hot glare of the stone-paved piazza without to the cool and "dim religious light" cast by the "storied windows richly dight" was most refreshing. At first one can but dimly see the sweeping lines of the arches meeting one hundred and fifty feet above his head, and the cave-like vault of the chancel, with its sapphire-and-ruby-coloured traceried windows. High above the altar hung in air a life-size image of our Lord upon a golden cross. Full upon the face of Christ fell a beam of light from the great rose window in the western façade, bringing it into brilliant contrast with the dark background. Rembrandt never executed anything so beautiful—nay, so sublime—as that glorified face of the Divine Sufferer, irradiating the darkness and scattering the gloom. It was a symbol and a prophecy, I thought, of the time when the glorious manifestation of our Lord, undimmed by the clouds of human ignorance and superstition, shall scatter the darkness and shine forth in all His true Divinity. It was the most impressive interior I saw in Europe; and when the chanting of the choir and music of the organ sounded through the long drawn aisles and fretted vaults, the effect was indescribably sublime.

Under the altar is the shrine and tomb of the good bishop St. Charles Borromeo; and for the sum of five francs those who are curious in such matters may see his mummy-like remains, blazing with jewellery, in ghastly mockery of death. Of noble rank and immense wealth, he devoted himself to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his diocese; and when the secular magistrates fled from the presence of the plague, he fell a martyr to his zeal in ministering to the dying and burying the dead. He is regarded as the first founder of Sunday-schools, and every Sunday, in one of the chapels of the cathe-



CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

dral, the children are instructed and catechised to the present day. His tomb is visited as a sacred shrine, and his monument in hollow bronze, a hundred and twelve feet high, crowns a neighbouring height.

From the roof of the cathedral is obtained one of the finest views of the whole range of the Alps to be anywhere had, their sharp serrated outline clearly cut against the sky. The roof is studded with a perfect grove of pinnacles, flying buttresses and statues, all beautifully finished, notwithstanding their inaccessible positions, "for the gods see everywhere." The solid marble is fretted into a lace-like tracery or filigree in stone. This part the guides call "the flower garden," and it truly seems as if the marble had blossomed into beauty at the artist's touch.

The most interesting church in Milan, on account of its historic associations, is that of San Ambrogio, founded on the site of a temple of Bacchus by St. Ambrose in the fourth century. The old Lombard architecture is very quaint and sometimes very rude, especially the ancient stone pulpit and the episcopal throne. The mosaics, dating from the ninth century, have a very stiff and infantile expression, like the inartistic drawing of a child. In the nave on a column is a brazen serpent, averred to be that raised by Moses in the wilderness, although I was of opinion that that had been broken to pieces by King Hezekiah (see 2 Kings xviii. 4). The rude bronze doors of the church are, more plausibly, said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius on account of the cruel massacre of Thessalonica. The Emperor remonstrated that even David had been guilty of bloodshed. "You have imitated David in his crime," replied the undaunted Ambrose, "imitate him also in his repentance;" and for eight months the lord of the world did penance on this very spot. Through this portal also passed Augustine, to be baptized by St. Ambrose in the presence of his mother, Monica.

It was a great festa the day I was there. The church was full, and a crowd of ecclesiastics took part in the service, chanting the same Ambrosian hymns which for fifteen centuries have been sung upon this spot. Few things which I saw so linked the present with the past as did this.

In the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria della Grazia, now a cavalry barrack, I saw the original "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most celebrated paintings in the world, so familiar by copies in almost every house. It is painted in oils upon the wall, and is much injured by time. Yet it is full of sublime expression. There is a beauty, a grandeur, a majesty enthroned in the face of our Lord, that is reproduced in none of the copies, although not less

than a score of these, of rare excellence, were in the room. It is one of the grandest paintings I ever saw. In a neighbouring square is a noble statue of Da Vinci, and near it a magnificent gallery, or sort of crystal palace, lined on either side with elegant shops, and crowned at the intersection of its arms by a glass dome one hundred and eighty feet high. Structures of this kind are very common in Europe, but this is the finest of them all.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you :
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover ;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever :
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone ;
God in His mercy forgive, receive them !
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

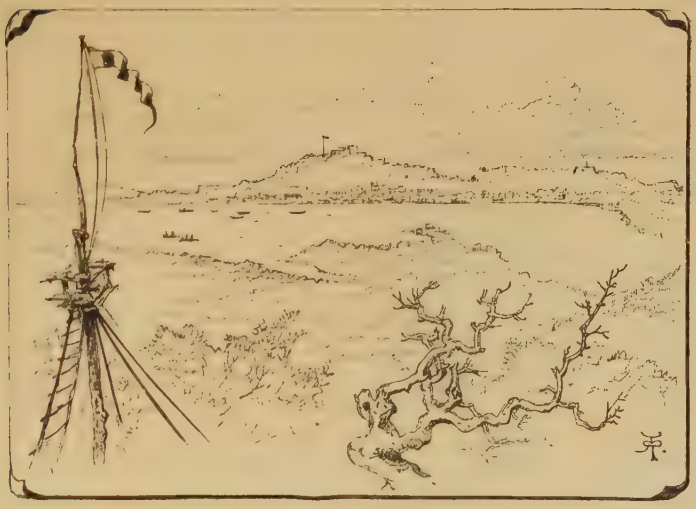
Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning :
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again !

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XI.



St. George's and Wrecks.

In former times the visitor from other parts of the Bermudas to St. George had to reach that island by means of a ferry; but of late years a causeway, nearly two miles in length, has been constructed over a series of reefs in St. George's Harbour, and across Long Bird Island, ending in a swing-bridge, which enables boats to pass through the channel. This causeway was commenced in 1867, and was finished in 1871, at a cost to the colony of £32,000. As we drove along this most interesting piece of engineering work, a strange sight met our eyes. I have already referred to the number of wrecks that are to be seen in the Bermudian harbours, but here there were wrecks on every side, including old hulks which had been brought here to end their days, and to be broken up, and the remains of vessels which had been driven on the rocks, and which were being gradually knocked to pieces by the fury of the sea and wind. It was a spectacle which would have caused consternation in the mind of a Lloyd's agent.

St. David's is one of the most curious and primitive islands of the Bermudas. Sir Henry Lefroy, in describing it a few years ago, said that on the occasion of his visit he had himself seen a man ploughing, with a team consisting of his wife, a donkey, and a pig. There are now said to be two horses on the island, though some people assert somewhat paradoxically that one of them is a donkey. I myself saw one of the equine quadrupeds, with a nice little fluffy foal by her side. From the summit of the lighthouse, which has been the means of averting a large number of wrecks, the view obtained over the sea and islands was very extensive; and the evidences of catastrophes were only too frequent in the form of the timbers and framework of many ships which had sailed on to destruction among the cruel rocks.

St. David's Lighthouse.

The town of St. George is clean, well-built, and pleasant-looking. We went to the church, which is a curious edifice, and which contains an interesting collection of sacramental plate of elegant design, presented by William III. The church clock had originally been made for Portsmouth Dockyard; but being too small for the position for which it was intended, it was secured by an enterprising and economical Bermudian, at a reduced price, as suitable for the church-tower of his native place. In the public garden is a monument to Sir George Somers, erected in 1726. It commemorates the shipwreck which took place on July 28th, 1609, and which led to the colonization of the Bermudas by the British.*

Thursday, December 6th.—This morning the Admiral was

* In the year named, a fleet of nine vessels, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, on its way to Virginia, was dispersed by a great storm, one of the vessels, called the *Sea Adventure*,

good enough to send the *Diamond*, with its black pilot, to take us for an excursion to Fairyland; a pleasant place to start for, though our experience of it was somewhat stormier than was agreeable. It was blowing more than half a gale of wind when we left the shore, and even with two reefs in her mainsail, the lee-rail of the *Diamond* was well under the water, which occasionally threatened to fill the little cock-pit in which we sat, comparatively sheltered from the wind and waves. On arriving at Spanish Point, the *Diamond* was brought up alongside the shore, and Mr. Pritchett and I embarked in the dinghy with two sailors, in order to row up the shallower waters, where the larger boat could not penetrate. The scene was undeniably beautiful, but we could not avoid a feeling of disappointment, probably because our ideas had been formed from the written descriptions of it as it appears on a placid summer's day, when the islands lie basking on the face of the blue sea. To-day the waves were beating angrily against the shore, while overhead black clouds scudded across the sky and obscured the sun. At the top of the main channel we landed in a Bermudian cedar grove, in the centre of which a large house is being built for an American general, the material used being coralline limestone, which looked very white and cool in the midst of the encircling verdure.

It was now time to return; but both tide and wind were against us. Directly we emerged from the more sheltered creeks, our two sailors had the greatest difficulty in keeping the bow of the boat to the sea. A very heavy squall suddenly came on, torrents of rain descended from a cloud as black as ink, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed and roared, and the waves looked black and threatening, rearing their angry white crests as if eager to engulf our tiny boat. It was all that we could do to manage the rudder while the two men rowed; and at one moment I thought that all was over, when a

with Sir George Somers on board, being cast on the reefs of the Bermudas, and the crew, to the number of 150, fortunately contriving to reach land. They spent ten months on the islands, during which period they constructed a cedar pinnace, in which some of their number sailed for Virginia, whence they returned in due course in a larger vessel. Sir George Somers soon afterwards died on one of the islands; and those of his crew who still remained, with the exception of three, who volunteered to stay behind to retain possession of the islands, sailed for England, where a company was soon afterwards formed for the purpose of colonising the Bermudas. The first ship-load of emigrants landed at Hamilton on July 11th, 1612.

small sea broke into the boat, and a larger one threatened to follow its example. By changing our course, however, getting under shelter of the point, and then taking a fresh departure as soon as the men had had time to recover their strength and breath after their buffeting and tossing, we safely reached the *Diamond* once more, drenched and cold, but greatly to the relief of Burgess, the black pilot, who had suffered some anxiety on our account.

The sail back to the yacht was glorious. We simply flew before the wind, the *Diamond* shaking the spray from her bows as we dashed along, guided in the most skilful manner, and brought up alongside the *Sunbeam*. During the remainder of the morning I was busily occupied in sending out invitations

Fairy Land.

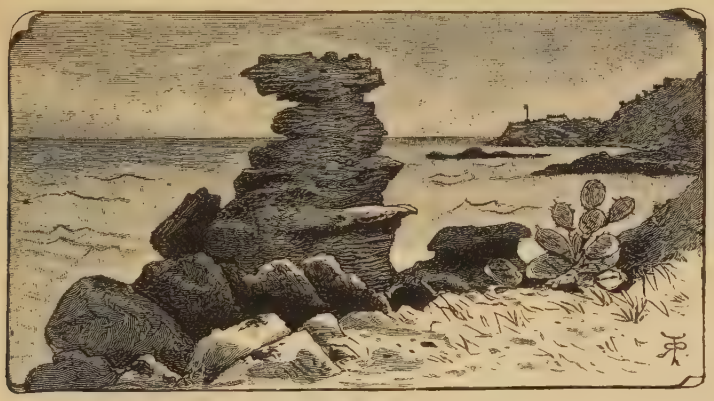
for a reception on board the *Sunbeam*, to take place on Saturday, a very general wish having been expressed by our friends on shore to see the yacht.

Friday, December 7th.—In the afternoon Tom and I went to a most interesting part of the islands, called the Sand Hills. One might almost call them sand seas, for they would speedily engulf anything that might come within the range of their influence. We could see plainly how the sand, driven before the fierce gale, had buried trees, houses, and cottages in its terrible onward march, covering everything as with a lava torrent of irresistible power. It was most curious to look down the chimneys of cottages, and on to the projecting tops of trees, which had thus been buried by the sand-storm. In the whole group of islands, the houses are built of coralline limestone, sawn out into blocks, the material being quite soft enough

when fresh to be treated in this manner. It soon hardens by exposure to the air, when it presents a beautiful white and slightly polished surface, impervious to wind and water alike.

Sunday, December 9th.—The morning was so clear and bright and sunny that, in spite of the strong wind, I should have liked to stay on deck all the time; but I was unfortunately far too ill to leave my cabin or to accompany the rest of the party to the very pretty little dockyard church. Tom returned quite delighted, saying that it was one of the most impressive dockyard services which he had ever heard anywhere.

As I was too weak to walk to the Barnardiston's to lunch, Tom, who was particularly anxious that I should go, had a very comfortable chair arranged on two boat-hooks for me, and



Worn Rocks, Bermuda.

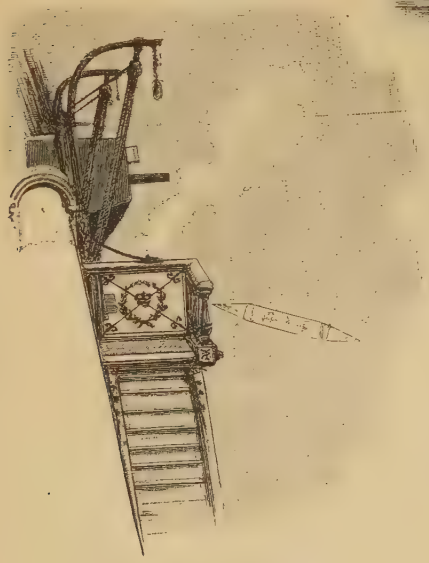
some of the sailors carried me—a most simple and yet convenient mode of locomotion. Our way led right through the dockyard, which bears a strong family resemblance to all the other dockyards which I have elsewhere seen—Malta more especially, perhaps. Outside, the road ran between Great Sound on the one side and the broad Atlantic on the other, and was sufficiently breezy. We passed a neat-looking Sailors' Home, built on the crest of a neck of land, where it catches every breeze and commands extensive views on all sides. This institution is comfortably furnished and well supplied with books, newspapers, and periodicals, and is thoroughly appreciated by the sailors.

Monday, December 10th.—I awoke at five, feeling rather better than yesterday, but still far from well. It was no good

thinking about it, however, for there was much to be done in the way of getting ready for departure. A boat from the *Northampton* came for us at half-past nine; and we went on board the flagship, which I had not been able to visit before, although Tom had minutely inspected her last week. She is a fine ship; but was of course somewhat in disorder after her recent unfortunate accident, and in consequence of the preparations which were being made for the reception of 600 tons of coal this afternoon. The whole of the shot and shell had been removed from the racks; nearly 600 tons of materials and gear had been disembarked, and preparations were being made to take out her guns—weighing another 500 tons—when she was happily towed off the rocks, without having sustained any serious damage. The impending court-martial, which begins to-morrow, throws a gloom over everything; and I am not very sorry that we are going away before the trial begins; for it is a most unpleasant business. I only hope that the Court may feel more inclined to dwell on the good work done in getting the ship off so quickly and with so very little damage, than on the unfortunate mistake made in allowing her to drift on shore. The *Northampton* is a double-screw, iron, armour-plated ship, of 7,630 tons and 6,070 horse-power, carrying 12 guns, and is the flagship of the North American and West Indian stations.

From the *Northampton* we crossed the breakwater; and getting into the gig that had been sent to meet us, we went on board the *Canada*, a ship the name of which has been made familiar to us all of late from the fact of her having been the home of another of our sailor Princes, Prince George of Wales, who is worthily qualifying himself for the profession so dear to all Englishmen. The *Canada* is a composite screw-corvette of 2,380 tons, and 2,430 horse-power, carrying ten guns. Capt. Durrant, who commands her, kindly took us into his own cabin, a charming room, comfortably fitted up, the walls being lined with some sort of newly invented cream-coloured composition, like plaster, which keeps dry in the wettest weather: a great desideratum, especially in an iron ship. To reach his private cabin we had to pass through his dining-room, where six middies (Prince George of Wales being one of the number) were hard at work at their six-monthly examination, a most important event for them. The examination papers are sent out in sealed packets direct from the Admiralty, and are only opened in the presence of the lads themselves.

There were a great many other things in addition to the captain's cabin to interest us on board the *Canada*. We specially admired some new Armstrong guns, a little over fourteen feet long, brightly polished by the application of kerosene oil. Two Whitehead torpedoes were discharged for our edification—one at a stationary target, and one at a small keg towed slowly past the ship by a boat. A white galvanized iron tube, about fourteen feet long, looking something like a large fish, was seen to take a sudden header from the ship's side, through one of the ports on the lower deck, which aperture we had been watching intently in anxious expectation for some minutes. Diving but



Torpedo Practice.

a short distance beneath the surface of the sea, the torpedo darted along, swift and straight as an arrow from a bow, the bubbles of air, as they escaped in its rapid progress, leaving a track like a huge sea-serpent behind it. At a distance of about 150 yards the fish-like explosive suddenly rose to the surface, burst into flames, and then took a sudden turn backwards, so sharp that it almost returned on its own course. The second torpedo behaved in very much the same manner, only varied by its making a curious sort of deflection at the end of its flight, so that, instead of coming right back on its track, it described a curve in the shape of a sickle. Torpedoes are formidable but uncertain weapons; and it can scarcely be safe to depend on them absolutely at a greater distance than from fifty to a hundred yards. At that range they would be extremely

valuable in warfare; since the knowledge that a vessel had several of them on board would undoubtedly tend very much to prevent an enemy attempting to board her, or approach at too close quarters.

After bidding our kind host farewell, we went on board the *Tenedos*, which was lying just astern the *Canada*. She experienced terrible weather recently on the voyage from Halifax: her decks being covered with snow and ice, and her ropes so frozen that it was almost impossible to move them. She also encountered terrible gales as she got into warmer latitudes; and was for three days hove-to in a storm not far from these islands, waiting for a pilot. She has recently been cruising off the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, with the object of protecting our fishing interests in those waters.

BERMUDA, FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE.

As we were rowing back into the harbour, we saw the dear old *Sunbeam* turning round and slowly steaming out from her moorings, the band of the flagship playing in her honour, and everybody on board the *Northampton*, the *Garnet*, the *Irresistible*, and all the other ships in the camber—even the dockyard men—stopping work to look at her, and perhaps keenly wishing they were on board the graceful craft that "walked the waters like a thing of life." On reaching the shore we entered the one carriage which Ireland Island boasts, and drove through the dockyard and on to the Commissioner's house, now used as officers' quarters for the Marines. Charming quarters they are too. Major and Mrs. Sharp, old friends of Mr. Pritchett, received us most kindly and showed us all over the buildings, which are encircled by a large verandah, so that there is

always a cool corner and a breeze to be found somewhere, commanding a delightful and ever-changing view of many-coloured sea, sky, and land, diversified by rocks, reefs, and wrecks.

When we reached the harbour again we went on board the *Irresistible*, where the officers and crew of the *Fantôme* are at present quartered, while their own ship is in the floating-dock. The *Fantôme* looked very curious inside the huge structure, with her three masts just showing above its somewhat unwieldy looking sides. I believe that the hollow bottom of the dock has been treated with or contains some insalubrious mixture of white lead and another composition, which has been the

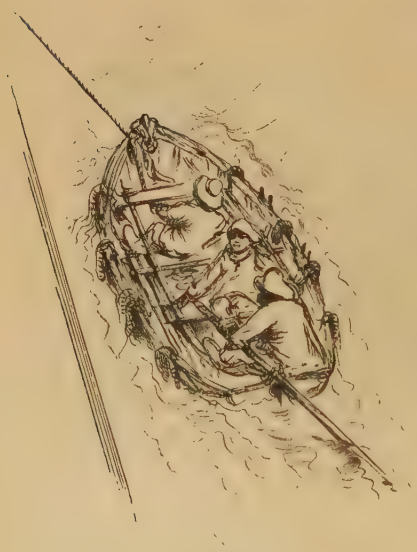
Farewell to Bermuda.

means of killing or of invaliding more unfortunate men who have been engaged at work on board her than would be easily credited.

On our arrival on board the yacht we found Tom in a great state of mind; and no wonder: for although Bermudian unpunctuality is proverbial, I do not think that he had until now quite realized the fact that we could not possibly sail until two or three hours after the time originally fixed, and that, owing to the wind having died away almost to a flat calm, it was becoming only too probable that we should not succeed in getting outside the reef before dark.

At length our party was complete, and we really began to move ahead, exchanging salutes and signals of farewell with the various ships which we passed, carrying with us many

messages and good wishes from those who were "loved, yet left behind." All this time we were steaming quietly out, under the shelter of the islands and reefs; but when we began to emerge from their friendly shelter the long heavy rollers caused us to roll and pitch in a manner which disturbed the equilibrium of almost everybody and everything on board. The poor pilot was anxious to possess a copy of one of my books, but was too shy to ask for it until the last moment. He must have had rather a bad time hanging on to the side, waiting for me to write his name in the volume—a work of some difficulty, under the circumstances. As the pilot-boat rowed away we could only just catch a glimpse of the head of the man who was steering, and of those of his two mates, who were pulling at the oars, ere they disappeared from sight in the trough of the big waves, through the passage between the breakers at the entrance to St. George's Sound. It was inexpressibly grand to watch the heavy swell of the mighty ocean, covered with white foam, as it dashed and surged against and over the coral reefs and cruel sharp-pointed rocks, which had doubtless been the last resting-place of many a gallant ship and brave man before the useful lighthouse of St. David's was built.



Pilot Hanging on.

I do not wish to weary the reader with painful details, and will simply say, that from illness and sea-sickness, my life on the passage to the Azores was full of suffering. This remark is only made in anticipation, and I need not dwell on the dark side of the picture.

We are now fairly off, on another long voyage; 1,804 knots to Fayal, in the Azores; 2,918 knots to Plymouth. We are provisioned for a month; but hope to accomplish our voyage in two or three weeks, if we are fortunate enough to escape

bad weather. We have only 25 tons of coal on board: rather a short allowance for such a long voyage. Tom does not, however, like to interfere with the buoyancy of the yacht, or to cause her to be too deep in the water, with the chance of encountering heavy gales in the North Atlantic, about Christmas time.

Thursday, December 13*th.*—I could not sleep; and at about four o'clock, being thoroughly aroused by the moonlight which flooded our cabin, I went on deck, where I was quite repaid for my trouble. The gallant little ship was cleaving her way over the billows, tearing and hissing through the seething foam at

Almost a Waterspout.

the rate of some ten or twelve knots an hour. Every sail that could be carried was set; and all were bathed in the glorious golden light of the full moon. It was one of those sights that are not seen too often in an ordinary lifetime, and one that I think is almost more fully appreciated when witnessed in solitude.

Friday, December 14*th.*—At six there was a fearful deluge of rain, which flooded the decks and filled all the boats, except those that were turned bottom upwards. Between heavy squalls we had long intervals of bright, really hot sunshine. There was always a strong south-westerly wind blowing us on our direct course. It was really glorious work; and my only regret was that I was not well enough to enjoy it. Tom thinks that we are on the perimeter or edge of another circular storm,

and is full of precaution and anxious looks; but for the moment it is all very delightful. Our run at noon to-day was 190 miles under sail, exactly the same as that of yesterday; a coincidence which I have never known to occur before, in all my yachting experience.

We have been passing through, or rather sailing over the surface of, the Sargasso Sea during the last few days, and have noticed great quantities of gulf-weed of various kinds floating about, both in small pieces and in large masses. We have not, however, seen any of the solid acres of weed which some writers describe. During the afternoon the squalls became more frequent and the wind stronger. We saw numerous rainbows, the brilliant hues of which contrasted grandly with the sometimes almost black sea, covered with surging "white horses," rising against a background of inky clouds. Just as one exceptionally hard squall was passing away, the effect was particularly beautiful. The rainbow was so near that it seemed to form an arch over the yacht, its bright rays touching the sea on either side, so close to us that the raindrops on the deck were quite dazzling in their brilliancy. We had a sublime, although stormy sunset; masses and masses of black clouds piled up, like Pelion on Ossa, against a lurid red sky verging on the colour of that seen in a desert sandstorm; while a heavy black squall, coming up swiftly with the wind, looked almost like a waterspout.

FLYING THROUGH IT BY MOONLIGHT.

From four to eight o'clock we sailed 44 miles. At nine I went to the stern, where Tom was at the wheel, to see the long bright luminous track we were leaving behind us, as we scud-

ded swiftly before the gale. The swelling sails seemed as if they must tear the ropes from the blocks through which they were rove, so hard were they pressed, and so strained by the ever-increasing wind. We then went right into the bows, to see how her stem was cutting through the water, sending out two great luminous waves on either hand, which ran high up the vessel's sides, before they mingled with the ocean again, and their disturbing circles were distributed over illimitable space.

RAINBOW.

MY PRAYER.

BY ELLEN LAKSHINE GOREH.

LORD, speak to me that I may speak,
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

JERUSALEM AS IT IS.*

BY SOPHIA M. PALMER.

PORTION OF THE OLD WALL.

WITH much shouting and rejoicing, and ringing of mule bells, we left Hebron for Jerusalem; the Bedoweens singing in questions and answers concerning our perils and escapes from the "red-handed" Fellaheen of Petra, thanks to whom, and to our seven weeks of hard desert travelling, we arrived outside the Jaffa Gate as very Gibeonites, in old shoes, clouts, and with bread mouldy and dry, our horses flagging painfully, and ourselves sufficiently tired. By the Jaffa Gate we pitched our tents, and so our first view of Jerusalem was disappointing enough: no hills visible; a predominance of German houses and villas backed up by the town wall; this was all we saw on our arrival.

But delight replaced disappointment the next day, when riding round the town we gained the Valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the dry torrent-bed of the Kedron and climbed the gentle slopes of the Mount of Olives to look from thence over Jerusalem. The eastern wall runs along the hill line of Mount Moriah; in the centre is the Golden or Beautiful Gate, closed by the Turks; for, say they: "The Christians will come in from that gate when they conquer the city, which, mushallah! they will some day." "Closed," say the Jews, "until the Messiah shall come; He will enter therel y."

Almost immediately above the Golden Gate shines the blue

*We reprint from *The Quiver*, the exceedingly interesting Magazine published by Cassell & Co., New York, the following well-written article on a subject of perennial interest to every Bible reader. For the cuts which illustrate it we are indebted to the same periodical.—ED.

dome of the Mosque of Omar, "standing where it ought not" on the site of Solomon's Temple. To the south, and deeper within the city, the brown Tower of David marks Mount Zion, and around and in between, north and south, east and west, up and down, are the cupolas and minarets, and white houses set in green grass and shadowed by tall cypresses, fig-trees, and olives. The hills stand around Jerusalem, while deep down below this eastern wall is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, sweeping round to the south, losing itself in the little hill village of Siloam, beyond which again are Hezekiah's gardens, and the pool with its cleansing water now far within a cave, but which once clearly washed up the rough steps of Roman workmanship.

Fair, is the word Jerusalem suggests from without, as seen from Mount Olivet or Bethany, from Scopus or overlooked from housetops within; everywhere, in fact, excepting from outside the Jaffa Gate, with its mean and ugly surroundings, and no redeeming hill visible. The abundant green, after the rains, relieves the general whiteness, and the blue of Omar and the green of other mosques catch the sun and shine like jewels. But perhaps the view from the Bethany road is, both from association and situation, the most striking of all.

As we returned from Bethany, the city previously hidden by the Mount of Offence burst upon our sight as we turned the shoulder of the hill, and disclosed itself framed and girt by hills—not mountains, but shadowing hills: the city of so much love and sorrow, which had rung from the lips of prophets, kings, and scribes, prayers and expressions of unequalled passion, agony, and love; from banished citizens, songs of longing; and from the greatest of its citizens, from the King of kings and Head of the prophets, tears and heartbroken lamentation. The whole road is stamped by sorrow, as you descend among the scattered olives to the Garden of Gethsemane, and make your way back through Kedron into the city along the Via Dolorosa.

The Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, is an enclosure of ancient olive trees, and among the olives are prim beds of flowers. At first I wished no attempt had been made to enclose a particular spot; but perhaps there was something in the idea offered in answer to my criticism—"It is like the grave of a dear friend lovingly kept." All around are signs of death, for the Valley of Jehoshaphat is indeed full of bones: graves, graves, graves. Very old and

crumbling away are many of the stones, and the Hebrew inscriptions barely traceable; others are still distinct, and towards the Mount of Olives they are of more and more recent date, until you see those of this century, of this year; for every believing Jew who can, has his body sent back to be buried here. In this valley, too, is Absalom's Pillar, and away beyond the northern end are the grand rock tombs of the kings, while those of the prophets are to the south-east. The reputed tomb of David, in the tower of his name, is clearly a very modern erection in a Saracen building.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Our next visit was to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—with its grey stone towers, Saracen arches, and rich carvings; the Piazza thronged with pilgrims of all nations; while relic-vendors give brilliant touches to the pavement by their rosaries of scarlet, blue, and yellow beads piled at their feet. You enter the great door, and to your surprise behold an old Turk keeping guard, with the inevitable pipe, curled up in the deep porch seat, which has been converted into a divan, and as he pokes away at a charcoal brazier he is usually chatting with some friend curled up by his side, and they sip coffee together. Exactly opposite the entrance, within, is the Stone of Unction, said to [illegible] sha[illegible]e spot where our Lord's body was anointed before burial; [illegible]st [illegible] here services, Latin, Greek, Armenian, or Coptic, are always going on; for this stone, and the chapel in which it stands, is the only place in the church free to all Christians.

Passing the Stone of Unction, another little chapel to the right is pointed out as Calvary, and every step of His Passion

is marked. The whole building of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre within, and to some extent without, is a patchwork; chapels and galleries, ante-chapels and crypts, all more of paint and plaster than of solid work; all somehow hanging together and sobered by wear into a not incongruous whole; while the dim light softens away much that would be gaudy and tinsel in full sunshine. In the rough rock into which the church is welded on one side, are tombs which, whether of Nicodemus and Joseph or not, are most interesting as being beyond dispute very ancient cave sepulchres. The rough rock appears also in the little chapel of the Empress Saint under-ground, and fissures are pointed out as "the rocks rent asunder."

These tombs and the rocks are perhaps the strongest part of the evidence as to this being Calvary and the garden of Joseph, but Captain Warren's excavations have lately proved that the existing city walls are built on the courses of old walls; and as it is plainly said that the place where Christ was crucified was "nigh to the city," and that He suffered "without the gate," this Church of the Holy Sepulchre within the walls can hardly be the site of Calvary. No one knows now; and the devotion of centuries poured out here has given a beauty to the poor faded splendour within the church, and lifted the whole above cold criticism, and out of the area of controversy. You feel that if He neither suffered, was laid, nor rose here, yet that the power of His Cross, His Grave, and His Resurrection has brought your fellows here for many hundreds of years, and that they have gone back the stronger and the happier for the effort to know Him better, and to worship where they believe He suffered and conquered.

The sepulchre itself is in the centre of the church, an oblong tomb, into which you pass through a very low entrance, and you find that within it is divided into two chapels, the innermost being the spot where His body is said to have been laid. There I was one day when a Syrian woman came in, and startled me into the knowledge of her presence by her bitter weeping. She had not noticed me in the dim light, and plainly thought herself alone. I could not pass her without disturbing her, and as I saw her standing before the altar, her white head-veil thrown back, in the simple Eastern dress which seems to have been handed down unchangingly, and beating her breast passionately, then throwing herself on the ground sobbing her lament, and offering agonized prayer, I could not but think of the Mother

of our Lord, of Mary Magdalene, and the daughters of Jerusalem. This was one of the many incidents which were perpetually recurring which made time disappear, made the past the present, and by which the dead still seemed to be living on this earth.

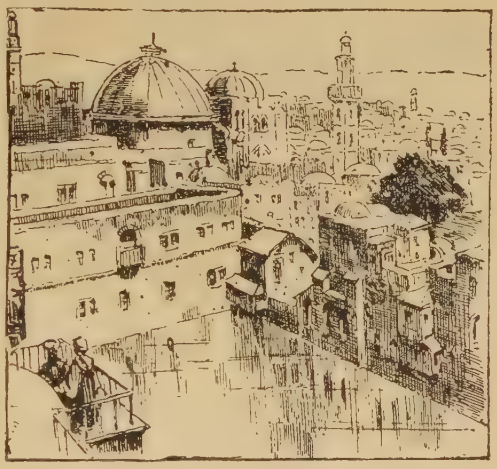
The Mosque of Omar is beautiful; its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colours, and the dome is roofed with tiles of brilliant blue, and some green and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquoise dome roofing walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements and tall cypresses around; steps lead down to other courts, once the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Great Brazen Laver, etc.; and olives, and grass of emerald green, and abundant wild flowers, cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the Golden Gate and the eastern walls of the Temple itself.

The City from the Mount of Olives.

Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars enclose the veritable rough rock top of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions inlaid with tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, divide the little side chapels from the central passageway between them and the sacred rock, the scene of Abraham's awful obedience, and of the sacrifices which interpreted to men, and made them partakers of, the one great Sacrifice of the Son of God. We saw the opening cut in the rock for the escape of the sacrificial blood, and, descending into the excavation below, we found a similar opening communicating with a duct which discharged into a cesspool by the Brook Kedron. We crossed

the outer southern court, and passing the fountain supplied by the same water as its grander predecessor on the backs of brazen oxen, we descended beneath the present mosque, El Aksar, close to the Mosque of Omar, into the very same gallery which led to the old Temple from the south, and up which our Lord walked again and again when He was there. It is now half-filled with rubbish and earth, but the ceiling is still so high above, that we needed to be reminded that the ground level is far down under the rubble. The pillars in single, solid blocks, the *round* keystone in the roof, and the lintels of immensely long single stones, are witnesses of the glory which has departed.

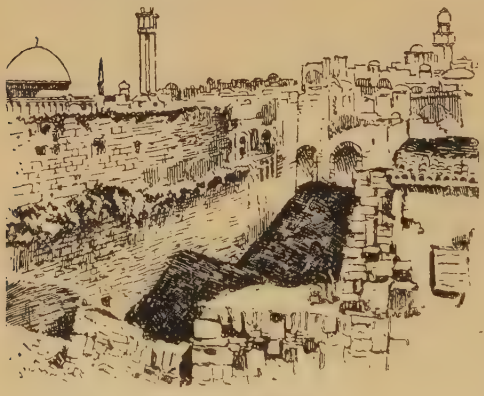
Leaving this gallery, we climbed the city walls by the Golden Gate, and walking south at the angle of the walls we descended under ground into the stables of Solomon. That they may have been utilized by him, and certainly were by the Crusaders, the halter-rings declare; but it seems that the original intention was to raise the level of the valley, and the thick forest of pillars are chiefly for support. To the south-west of the Mosque of Omar is the Wall of Lamentation, the one part of their holy ground to which the Jews can have access. This wall divides the Jewish quarter on one side from the Temple precincts, and the lower stones are of the original wall built by Solomon—massive blocks, carefully bevelled, similar to those in the lower courses of the Tower of David. Beneath this wall the Jews assemble every Friday, to lament the departed glory of their Temple and city. I tried to learn why Friday was the day set apart for this requiem, but no one knew; it is a singular coincidence. The people come and go from three o'clock to sunset, lamenting in families and companies, wailing, weeping, and chanting litanies—some by themselves, some leading others; an elderly



Pool of Hezekiah.

woman surrounded by other women; lads gathered round a Rabbi, etc.

"There is no mistake about it," said one of our party, who was of a very skeptical turn of mind; "This is no sham—it is real distress." How much the lamentation concerns the present distress of exiled Polish and Russian Jews I was uncertain; but one woman, a German, was mourning in the spirit of the Captivity. She was alone—it was not on the lamentation day—rocking herself to and fro, moaning from a book in her hands, with only a little child or two playing with mud beneath the wall. Our dragoman asked her the meaning of a Hebrew word on the wall; she answered in German, "I do not understand." I explained and apologised for disturbing her. The sadness of her face was pitiful as she answered, her eyes full of tears, "It does not matter—nothing matters *here*. It is long, it is long, it is long!" and she returned to her book and her moans, while the babies laughed and rollicked in the dust under the very walls of sorrow.

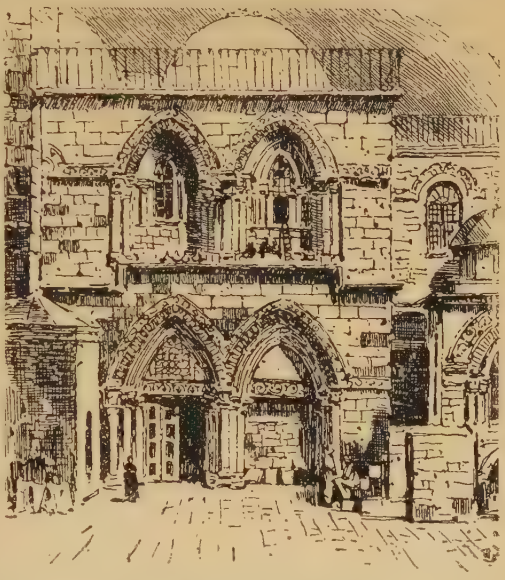


Pool of Bethesda.

Our last day in Jerusalem was spent in visiting Bethesda, Hezekiah's Pool, and Siloam—all half-dug tanks and baths, overgrown with rank vegetation. The Dung-gate, with its little chamber in the wall, and the huge quarries in the bowels of the city, by the Damascus Gate, whence Solomon took his stones, and where they were prepared to be built up in silence, without sound of axe or hammer. Immense quarries they are, which might have suggested to Southey his "Great Domdaniel caverns under the roots of the ocean."

I have almost ignored the purely legendary interests of Jerusalem, for interesting and in many instances beautiful as they are, the limits of a short account will not allow of any attempt to do more than sketch the principal features in this city of cities—the dethroned Jerusalem. To those who may object

that there can be no certainty about any of the holy places, I would answer, the Mount of Olives, with the Brook Kedron, and the Garden of Gethsemane, are absolutely certain, and this alone would warrant any fatigue and trouble incurred in the journey; and after all, what does it matter if in the city the level is thirty feet higher than that of the old town? Or what matter if (as is more than likely) there may be considerable inaccuracy as to the identifications? It is enough that this is Jerusalem, where He taught and suffered, the city of His love. Our days in this dear city had come to an end, and we wandered regretfully through the picturesque streets, where wooden projecting windows mingle with Saracen arches, and, as everywhere in the East, dirt and ruin deck themselves in colours and greenery, and beguile the traveller into admiration. Buttresses and deep arches, and dark tunnelled streets contribute to the picture; and, after all, the only drawbacks are those of many other cities in the enlightened West—nasty smells and round paving-stones, which make walking in the chief thoroughfares something of a penance. It was with great love, and very great regret, that we mounted our horses and left "Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth."



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

"OUR little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

—*Tennyson.*

TWO FEMALE POETS OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

A Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Among the poets of Methodism there may be found some "elect ladies" who were possessed of the vital powers of genius of that peculiar type so necessary to the production of devotional poetry. They hymned the wondrousness of the grace that rescued us, and interpreted the beauty of that life of calmness and repose which comes to the trustful and the believing; and in such strains as to reproduce in the minds of their readers their own modes of thought and feeling, their spirituality and exultant hope. They looked upon the bitter disappointment and the fleeting gladness, the

> —long shade
> And the brief joy,

as parts of the life that is, in which God

> —sows the grief of to-day
> For the grace of to-morrow.

They seem to combine the poetic feeling and the poetic conception so as to feed the intellect, gratify the emotions, and purify the heart.

The first we mention is Mrs. Agnes Bulmer. Her maiden name was Collinson. As Agnes Collinson her name was written on her first quarterly ticket by her pastor, the Rev. John Wesley, and in the class-book of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. She was born in Lombard Street, London, in 1775, and very early gave evidence of a refined poetic genius. She grew up amid the associations of the Methodists, and numbered among her intimate friends Dr. Adam Clark, Jabez Bunting, Richard Watson, and other leading ministers and laymen of that period. When she died, in 1836, another poet of Methodism spoke of her "as one of the most intellectual and holy women, probably, whose presence ever adorned the world."

Here is her beautiful setting of the Bible:

> Hail, holy record of supernal love!
> Thy living lines even seraphs search above,
> And saints below with holy wonder trace,
> Intent to learn thy mysteries of grace.

Stupendous register of truth sublime,
'Tis thine to chase the darkling mists of time;
To cheer the mariner with friendly light,
Through shelving rocks to guide his course aright;
To shew beyond the deep that peaceful shore,
Where waves subside, and tempests rage no more;
But heaven's unsetting splendours radiant glow,
Nor seasons' change, nor night of sorrow know.
Eternal oracle of truth, thy voice
Bids misery hope, and holy faith rejoice;
The wayward step of thoughtless youth restrains;
Soothes hoary age, amid its cares and pains;
Pours heavenly music on the raptur'd ear,
When Death's dread angel draws in stillness near;
Proclaims beside the grave that destin'd hour,
When, strangely quicken'd by all-conquering power,
Each captive, from its dark recesses brought,
Shall share the victory by Messiah wrought,
Emerge from Hades' deep sepulchral gloom,
And wave his palm of triumph o'er the tomb.

Amid the sharp trials and the changing vicissitudes of domestic life she sang some of her sweetest songs, which were first given to the public in the pages of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, to which she was a frequent contributor. Here is a sweet hymn, written when the clouds were gathering, yet full of serenity, calmness and hope:

High on Thy heavenly seat,
Jesus, to Thee I pray!
O see the sinner at Thy feet,
Nor turn Thine ear away.
Embolden'd by Thy word,
By want and weakness prest,
To Thy divine compassions, Lord,
I pour my full request.

I ask the joy unknown
That from Thy presence springs
When, prostrate at Thy awful throne,
Thy mercy's shadowing wings
Temper the light which breaks
Resplendent from Thine eye;
When soft the whisp'ring Spirit speaks,
"The Lord is passing by!"

I ask that sight of faith
To humble mourners given,
That view of Thy mysterious death,
Thy pleading power in heaven,

Which calms the troubled breast
When guilty fears invade,
And bids the trembling spirit rest
In Thy perpetual aid.

I ask the hallowing fear,
That heaven of humble love,
Which joins a saint in worship here
To saints redeem'd above.
E'en now the veil withdrawn,
In fellowship with Thee,
Oh, might the day of glory dawn,
The twilight shadows flee!

On me, Thy suppliant child,
Be all Thy form imprest,
Thy nature pure, Thy spirit mild;
That, meet for heavenly rest,
I may the call attend
Which shall my soul remove,
And from Thy footstool here ascend
To share Thy throne above.

Upon the death of her husband, which occurred in 1822, and that of her venerable and pious mother in 1825, Mrs. Bulmer devoted herself to the composition of her great poem, "The Messiah's Kingdom," of which James Montgomery says: "It is the longest poem by a lady in any language that I am acquainted with. It seems to embrace the sum of the lessons which an immortal spirit has learned of itself, of its fellow-creatures, and of God, on its progress to glory and felicity, through a world fallen and miserable." The versification is distinguished by remarkable freedom and fluency. It is a volume from which hundreds of happy quotations might be made; we select but a few. There is a wild grandeur and considerable poetic power in her description of the reign of Ruin—as the world is overtaken by the flood:

Lo! the tall cedars on the mountain's height
Bow to the raging storm! Thy last resource,
Beneath the whirlwind's convulsive force,
Falls, crushing, thundering down; the forest shakes,
The rifted adamant asunder breaks.
Loud bellowing waters fill the chasm beneath;
Above is vengeance! All around is death!
Nature's wild dissonance returns thy groan,
Till all is silence! Ruin reigns alone!

Above the measureless, the formless waste,
She sits, exulting o'er a world defaced!
Around her throne the spoils of vengeance sweep,
And Judgment heaves the billows of the deep!

The following lyric has been much admired for its touching beauty, quiet pathos, and glowing feeling:

THE RAINBOW.

Gloomy cloud, that, low'ring low,
Shadowest nature's lovely light,
Wide thy deepening darkness throw,
Catch the sunbeam bursting bright;
Gently on thy humid breast,
Bid its softened splendours rest.

Wild the wind, and fierce the flood,
Foaming, roaring, raved and rush'd;
Thunders roll'd—the voice of God:
Now the angry storm is hush'd,
Now the eddying whirlwind sleeps,
Ocean seeks its barrier deeps.

Beauteous bow! thy arch sublime,
Resting on the distant hills,
Leads me back to earliest time;
Hope my pensive spirit fills,
In thy softest lines I trace
Gentler, lovelier beams of grace.

Lo! the tempest's rage is o'er,
Flashing fires no longer gleam;
Solemn thunders cease to roar,
Silvery clouds resplendent stream;
Bright the burning sun appears,
Ararat its summit rears.

From his floating home released,
Noah on the mountain stands,
Spreads the sacrificial feast,
Lifts to heaven his praying hands,
Listens to the Voice Divine,
Looks on thee, peace-speaking sign.

Hush! the word of promise breaks,
Not in thunders hoarse and loud;
Lo! the covenant Saviour speaks
Softly from the symboll'd cloud;
Rise! The storm of wrath is pass'd;
Judgment shall not always last.

So upon the anxious heart,
  Chafed with sorrow's wild alarm,
When the troubled clouds depart,
  When the rough wind sinks to calm,
Breaks the light from distant spheres,
Falling on a mist of tears.

Sun of Righteousness! from Thee,
  Soft those lucid rays descend,
Mildest mercy beams on me;
  Whispers every storm shall end.
Now the covenant sign is given,
Bright appears the bow in heaven.

Resting on the eternal hills,
  Arching high the emerald throne,
Heaven with hallow'd light it fills,
  Sends its soft effulgence down.
Holy light! I hail thee now,
Circling mild Emanuel's brow.

Yes, that meek, resplendent sign
  Presages a cloudless sky;
Heaven's eternal light shall shine,
  Truth and mercy meet on high,
Righteousness and peace unite,
Mingling beams divinely bright.

Hush, my sorrow! from a storm,
  Fierce, terrible and wild,
Sprang that bow whose splendrous form,
  Radiant round the Reconciled,
Glory's fountain set in shade,
Earthly lights retire dismayed.

From the Cross where darkness shrouds
  Him who suffered there for me,
In the fearful tempest clouds,
  Resting dread on Calvary,
Mercy's beaming sign appears,
See, believe, and dry thy tears!

A very beautiful hymn, which is found in the Supplement to the Hymn-book of 1830, and sung for the first time on the laying of the corner-stone of a new Methodist Church at Ancoat's Lane, Manchester, was written by Mrs. Bulmer. It is said to have been written in a stage-coach, during a journey from Manchester to Preston. The last verse is all we can now give:

Father, Son, and Spirit, send
  The consecrating flame;

Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living Name—
That great Name, by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into Thy hands receive,
Our temple make Thy throne.

Mrs. Bulmer early discovered the missionary calling of Christian England, and the obligation resting upon the people of that land to diffuse the Gospel, with its benign influences, among the nations:

Gem of the Ocean, whose pellucid light
Shines like the sun's in every region bright,
Heaven to thy hand the lamp of truth consigned!
'Tis thine, with grateful heart, to all mankind
Its quick'ning, gliding, cheering beams to show,
O'er earth's dark bounds to bid its glories flow.

Mrs. Rowley, eldest daughter of Dr. Adam Clark, furnished a loving memoir for the *Magazine* for 1840, in which she says: "Her knowledge of divine truth was accurate and comprehensive, her piety deep and expressive, and the general temper of her mind was reverent and devout. Of retiring and modest habits, her mind was, nevertheless, well cultivated and calmly elegant, and her extensive acquirements were devoted to the service of religion."

On a flat stone, in the cemetery of the City Road Chapel, where sleep so many Methodist worthies, we may read: "Here rests in peace Agnes Bulmer, relict of Joseph Bulmer, third daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Collinson, of Lombard Street, who died, after three days illness, at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, August 30th, aged 61.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.

One of the purest and most rarely gifted spirits that ever lived to glorify God by the consecration of its poetic genius, was Emma Tatham. She was born in London, at Holborn Hill —a most dingy thoroughfare—where her father carried on the business of an upholsterer. She was of Methodist ancestry, and lived and dwelt among her own people. In my younger days how I have lingered over the rich, thrilling, love-inspiring poems of Emma Tatham! Christophers says of her: "The poet's imagination sweeps along, exulting in its might, but moving

with easy freedom, as if there were no region of ideal beauty grandeur, awfulness, or purity, in which her spirit was not at home. Her command of expression, her luxuriance of imagery, her natural mastery of measure, the rich music of her rhythm, the compass as well as clearness of her aim, the exquisite spirituality of her taste, her lovely naturalness and simple purity of aim, all combine to awaken the question, How should it be that all this, combined in one lovely young soul, should spring up to charm us from a dim apartment in the foggy centre of a crowded city?" When about seventeen, she gave to the world "The Mother's Vigil." In her poetic vision she sees—

. . . . Angels come
To carry the young spirit to its God.
One o'er the babe-brow bent, and gently wav'd
His graceful hand above it, to allay
Its burning fever, softly fanning back
The pale, pale drooping curls, that scarce had form'd
Their slender satin threads to circles yet.
The second held the small hand tenderly
Twin'd in his own cool, fragrant fingers, soft
As Eden's blossoms, ofttimes bathing it
With balmy kisses; the third angel touched not
The dying loveliness, but gently fanned
Th' immortal flame within it, and in tones
That melted as they gushed, warbled a song of everlasting love.

SONG—

Sweet eyes, close, close in sleep,
No longer shall ye weep;
Death's slumber, damp and deep,
Presses your lids so white;
Pale temple of the infant saint,
Thy pillars shake, thy lamp grows faint,
Dying in heaven's light.

Slumbering soul, arouse;
Fann'd by the waving boughs
Of life's immortal tree;
Shine forth, thou spark struck from God's fire-harp strings,
Flash to the fannings of our bending wings,
And mingle in the flame of seraph kings,
In the deep crystal sea.

Ah! thou art waking now!
Eternity's broad shade hath touched thy brow;
Redemption's lamb new born,
Forsake thy trembling shrine. Ah! let it be
To thy sad mother a dear gift from thee;

Why dost thou shudder? Leave it, thou art free;
This is thy life's first morn.

Start not! our mighty arms are twin'd beneath thee,
Our golden feathers white and warm enwreath thee,
And death the chain will sever
That links thee to thy cell; his shaft is gold;
Fear not, 'tis winged with kisses, though so cold.
'Tis past—the pang across thy breast hath roll'd;
Now thou art free for ever.

Fall into our arms, and wide above thee
We will spread a canopy of wings;
We will bear thee home to those that love thee,
Where the cherub choir for ever sings.

Sparkling spirit! now thou, shouting, leapest
Out into life's everlasting sea;
Measure with the heart of heaven thou keepest,
And thy pulse is feverless and free.

Spread your pinions, angels, wave them lightly;
Ruffle not the sacred, sleeping air;
To the zenith cleave your passage brightly;
Seek the throne, and drop the jewel there.

That is fine, you say. Yes, it is. And if you would discover the secret of the charm that invests her poetry, you will find it in this finely expressed feeling: "I would have Redemption for my song; and though mine may not be the muse for the million, yet if her voice may rise sweetly in the ears of Jesus, and find an echo in His disciples' hearts, how high will be my honour!" She thus devoutly expresses herself:

O Thou whose poetry and love in one,
Walk forth where'er Thou art, and hand in hand
Encircle heaven and earth, Thou above praise
Exalted infinitely! O great God!
Hear me, and make *me* a pure golden harp
For Thy soft fingers. Might I be Thy bird,
Hidden from all, singing to Thee alone.

So she sings of God's love—

Immense, unfathomed, unconfined—

in a strain that is at once encouraging and inspiring:

Be thou rich or poor,
Joyful or sorrowful; in cities loud,
Or cottage lonely, by the surging shore;
Amidst the mountains, 'neath the waving palms;

Among the citron groves, in the dark wilds
Of pathless forests, or the heaving deep;
Far in the ice zone, or compass'd round
With the hot equinoctial—love is there.
Love omnipresent still surrounds thy paths,
Meets thee where'er thou goest. He hath thrown
His arms wide as the shadow of the Cross
Extends, and from that infinite embrace
Only by sin canst thou thy soul exclude.
Yes, God is love; this priceless truth alone
Is balm for all thy sickness.

Declining health rendered a change of residence necessary, and the house on Holborn Hill was exchanged for a residence in the country—Margate, though old and quaint, yet a great relief from the streets in the thronged city. Here were new objects to elicit the free play of her genius and feed her imagination. Here she wrote her pleasing melody "To the Sea Bird," and other effusions of her muse:

Oh, that thou hadst a soul, sea-bird!
As thou swimmest in heaven so high,
A spirit to know how thy white wings glow,
A spirit to feast on the scenes below,
And the waves of the sparkling sky.

Oh, that thou hadst but a soul to feel
How the sunbeams have rob'd and crown'd thee;
How the earth to thee doth her beauty reveal,
How the ocean doth spread, and the heavens unseal
Their secrets of glory around thee.

Oh, that there were a heart to beat
To the sweep of those graceful pinions!
A soul to ride in a chariot so fleet,
To float in the track of the sunbeam's feet,
And revel in light's dominions.

Oh, that my soul for a moment might be
To thy beautiful wings up-caught!
That I might on a midsummer morning flee
Through many bright forms over forest and sea,
As Pythagoras wildly taught.

I would borrow, King Eagle, thy loftiest wing,
And soar where no eye-beam could follow;
A carol of praise I would joyfully sing,
In the breast of the beautiful bird of the spring,
In a lonely and moonlighted hollow.

Then I would hide in a skylark's throat,
And descend on the rainbow's arch,
On the clouds of the storm I would fearlessly float,
And rock on the winds an invisible boat,
And follow the thunder's march.

Then I would change to a drop of the spray,
And dance on the wings of the gale,
Mad as the hurricane whirl on my way,
Over fathomless valleys and mountains at play,
And over the breakers pale.

Out in the ocean at wild midnight,
A thousand leagues from shore,
My spirit should dance round the arches of white
When the steeds of the tempest are raving with fright,
When the heav'ns and the deep do roar.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

BY LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete.
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release.
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—*Independent.*

THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. HERBERT STARR.

A USEFUL life does not mean a life devoted to the acquisition of wealth. A man may live and die a millionaire whose life is a wrecked and ruined one. On the other hand, a man whose whole life was a constant struggle "to keep the wolf from the door," and who lived and died in comparative obscurity, may have achieved a splendid success. A useful life means a consecrated life—time, gifts, natural or acquired, and property, all consecrated to the service of God.

The story of a useful life is of no value to the man who has lived the life. His record is already on high, and he is reaping the faithful servant's reward. But the story of such a life is of untold value to those who follow after. Such a life is an inspiration to noble and heroic deeds.

What the world needs to-day, and what the Church needs to-day, is young men of culture and piety ready and willing to consecrate their talents to the work of making money, not that they may hoard it, or spend it in the pursuit of pleasure and luxury, but that they may wisely use it in extending and consolidating the interests of the Church of God. Not only is it true that "God is," but it is equally true that He is the "rewarder of them who diligently seek Him." Why is it that with the light and knowledge of this nineteenth century, men, Christian men and women too, do not more fully trust God, and in the exercise of that trust "devise liberal things for Him"?

As a stimulus to holy living and doing, we offer a short sketch of the life of George Herbert Starr, of Halifax, N.S., merchant, banker, and philanthropist.

Fifty years ago there were few that even dreamed of the marvellous triumphs of steam. Few steamships ploughed the deep, and railways were only an experiment. Never can we forget the strange sense of awe and wonder which filled our soul when, in the summer of 1848, in the city of Portland, Maine, we looked for the first time upon a locomotive carrying in train its precious freight of human lives. In those days Nova Scotia had no railroads. And while the magnificent harbour of Halifax was enlivened by the white sails of commerce, a steam-vessel was only an occasional visitor.

But in the absence of steam, those were the days when the enterprising merchants of Halifax owned and sailed a magnificent merchant marine. Liverpool, Lunenburg, Yarmouth and other seaports were not ports of entry as to-day with a prosperous trade of their own. Halifax enjoyed a monopoly of the carrying trade East and West, furnishing supplies to the traders in different parts of the Province. Not only so, but an enormous business was done with Demerara, the Brazils, the West India Islands, and the Mediterranean. Vessels from many different climes, with many different flags, loaded and unloaded their cargoes at the wharves, which were hives of busy industry. The merchants of those days were merchants indeed. As a gentleman remarked to us on a recent visit to our native city: "In culture, integrity, and in enterprise, the merchants of Halifax were second to none of any commercial city of the world." True, there were times of commercial disaster. Money that came easily was too often spent with a lavish hand. While all credit is due to the men of to-day who are active in trade and commerce, many of them fine examples of noble manhood, it would be difficult to replace the men of the past generation who controlled for many years the mercantile interests of the city of Halifax.

In the year 1841, when twenty-nine years of age, George H. Starr, the subject of this sketch, retired from the mercantile firm of D. & E. Starr & Co., in which for about seven years he had been a junior partner, and with a moderate capital commenced business on his own account. For a few years, owing to adverse circumstances, losses followed losses in quick succession and the year 1844 found his capital considerably reduced. Thrown entirely upon his own resources, and with ripened judgment and experience, he made a firm stand, and changed to a large extent the character of his business. Selling at a sacrifice the large vessels which had been a source of embarrassment, he built and chartered smaller vessels of good sailing qualities, of about one hundred tons each, and having a carrying capacity of, say, a thousand barrels. Not only did he secure reliable agents abroad, but, as far as he could tell, reliable customers at home, having regard as much to the honesty and promptitude of the individual as to the extent of his means. He always sold from the wharf, if possible, when to do so gave him a fair profit. He fixed in his own mind certain rules for shipments to the West India Islands, and did not allow himself, no

matter how tempting the circumstances, to vary from those rules. He never allowed himself to depart from the trade that was regular and legitimate to embark upon that which was uncertain and speculative. And we need not add that he was always upright, straightforward and prompt. So clear and correct were all his business arrangements, that, so far as we can remember, he never had a suit at law; and an obligation, whether trivial in its character or more important, was never forgotten or dishonoured.

One vessel that he built and owned, a brigantine, painted white and called the *Mary*, never made a bad voyage, and it was no uncommon thing for this vessel—and she was a clipper to get over the water—to make the round voyage with a cargo of fish to Jamaica, and a return cargo of West India produce from Cuba, in sixty days, earning a freight of $4,000 to $5,000.

In 1845 the tide turned. His capital began to increase, and from that time until his retirement from business in 1869 his mercantile career was one of continued success. In the year 1848, when he was thirty-six years of age, a notable event occurred, which not only resulted in a further change in his business, but also in the character of his entire life. That event was his conversion. Always a regular hearer of the Word, already to a large extent blameless in conduct and life, ever prompt in action when a certain line of duty was made plain, no sooner did he know and feel himself to be a sinner in the sight of God than, "conferring not with flesh and blood," and without waiting for revival services, with true penitence of heart he quietly but earnestly and believingly sought and found the Saviour, and united in membership with the Methodist Church. His first class-leader was Francis Johnston, of precious memory, and his first class-ticket was for 1848. In proof of the value he attached to these memorials of connection with the Church of his choice, he preserved them in uninterrupted series to 1887.

Among the many principles of action which marked the genuineness of the great moral change wrought in his heart by the Holy Spirit, there are three which stand out most prominently:

1. He resolved to so conduct his business that upon every transaction he could implore the Divine blessing. Temperance or total abstinence had not in those days the hold upon society it has to-day. Persons occupying the best positions in society

and high positions in the Church thought it no wrong to use distilled and fermented liquors. The decanter found a place upon the sideboard of many a Christian home, too often the cause of disaster and ruin to the younger members of the family and sometimes bringing the aged parent down to a drunkard's grave. Whatever might be said of the retail department of the liquor traffic, the wholesale branch at all events had the stamp of respectability. Up to the time of his conversion, Mr. Starr not only imported from Demerara and the West Indies sugar, coffee, molasses, mahogany, etc., but also rum. Never can we forget our own feelings when, a converted boy of fifteen years, a clerk in our uncle's counting-house, we were told to take the proof-bottle and show a customer a puncheon of rum. Our blood fairly boiled with indignation, but there was no help just then, although afterwards we ventured, with a trembling heart, a quiet remonstrance. We not only showed the gentleman the rum, but also made him a purchaser. Here, then, is the fact: No sooner did George H. Starr experience the converting grace of God and unite with the Church than he resolved never to import, purchase, or sell another puncheon of rum, and he never did. In the sense of worldly gain there was sacrifice in this, but he felt that right must prevail. We cannot forget the last cargo,—it was brought from Demerara in the schooner *Voyager*, and sold on the wharf, leaving a profit of one hundred per cent. But the vessel herself was then sold at auction, and that ended the trade. In after days his vessels sometimes returned in ballast, of course at a loss, rather than bring a cargo of rum as freight. The traffic in every form was abandoned forever.

2. He consecrated his talents immediately to the service and work of the Church. The year 1849 found him secretary of the Brunswick Street Sunday-school. At that time one of the first merchants of the city of Halfax, was he ashamed to take so humble an office? Not he. He was eager to do anything in his power for the cause of Christ. He afterwards became a teacher in the same school. When the Grafton Street Church was in contemplation, he willingly became a trustee, and principally through his instrumentality the church was built, and, when afterwards destroyed by fire, it was largely through his means rebuilt, and in a few years made entirely free from debt. For many years Mr. Starr also held the offices of pew-steward, and poor-steward, and also of leader.

Retiring in disposition, and a man of few words, it must have been a heavy cross to take the position of class-leader. But with him the voice of the Church was as the voice of God, and when the cross was laid upon him he bore it bravely for the Master's sake. But especially was the cause of missions near his heart. While his house was always open to Christian ministers, it was his and Mrs. Starr's special delight to entertain the missionaries of the Cross. Not only was he a liberal giver to missions, but for many years he acted as missionary collector, going from place to place in that self-denying work. Each subscription was carried through his books—cash-book, journal, and ledger—with the same precision as in any ordinary business transaction, and among the last entries in his cash-book were several subscriptions collected for the cause of missions. These entries were made with a trembling hand, just one week before he entered into rest. So with all truthfulness it may be said, "He ceased at once to work and live."

3. He consecrated his property to the Lord, regarding himself as only a steward of His bounty. The year of his conversion he began to give to God after a fashion that astonished his more immediate friends. Shortly after he became a member of the Quarterly Board, the minister's salary at the end of the year was deficient, and of course there was much talk as to the ways and means of raising the required amount. After listening for some time he quietly said, "Call at my office in the morning and I will give you a cheque for what you want." The annual Missionary Meeting was held, and some of the wealthy members of the church, who for years had been giving the stereotyped subscription of one pound, were amazed beyond degree that Mr. Starr, the young merchant, only recently converted, should give so much. And so it went on. None of the deserving poor, no collector for a charitable object or church work, called upon him and went away disappointed. The year the Grafton Street Church was commenced, the trustees with the minister met for consultation, Dr. Evans in the chair. "Well, brethren," said he, "shall we proceed with the erection of this church? Brother, what will you give?" Presently Mr. Starr's name was mentioned, and he quietly took the pen and wrote £500. That settled the matter. The church was built and became a blessing to hundreds of precious souls. The same year a church was built in Dartmouth, across the harbour, and he gave £250 to that; altogether he gave that

year to charitable and benevolent objects in round numbers £1,000. Remember, he was then only worth about £12,000, and exposed to all the fluctuations and risks necessarily connected with the West India trade. But mark what followed! The following year the net profit of his business amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars—£8,000. He had honoured God, and God blessed and honoured him. Of him it may be said, that he made money that he might give it to God. His annual subscription to missions was from $800 to $1,000, and a single donation to the educational institutions of Sackville reached the sum of $10,000.

When, in 1880, his estate, notwithstanding all his givings, had reached the value of $200,000, he formed the resolution not to accumulate any more. In other words, reserving to himself the right to change the character of his investments, and to make up the loss where shrinkage had unavoidably occurred, he determined to give to God the accumulations of each year over and above his own annual expenses. He then opened an account in his ledger, "Subscriptions to Benevolent Objects," and from that date to his death, on the 8th June, 1887, the poor, needy friends, charitable institutions, and the Church have shared more largely than ever in God's bounty to His servant.

Some person in Halifax made the remark, "What an immense estate Mr. Starr would have left if he had not given away so much! he would have died a millionaire." Doubtful, we reply. Why did he prosper? Because he dared to trust God, and in the consecration of his substance honoured Him. His entire religious life is a striking illustration of the words, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

In the year 1855 Mr. Starr was united in marriage to the estimable lady who now in her widowhood mourns his loss. Endowed with marked strength of will, possessed of a conscience keenly alive to the least appearance of wrong, full of kindness to the suffering and the poor, and entirely devoted to her Master's work, Mrs. Starr was one with her husband in all his endeavours to promote the financial and spiritual interests of the Church of their choice. While never strong, not only was she indefatigable in visiting the sick and poor—not only was her purse ever open to the call of suffering, but for many years she was the leader of two classes and also conducted a prayer-

meeting in her own house. When her husband's funeral procession left the house and quietly wended its way to the cemetery, she herself proposed and conducted a meeting for prayer with the sisterhood remaining behind to sympathize with her. How full of moral grandeur a scene like that! How few could have done as she did! And after all, when comfort and strength were so much needed, what more appropriate than earnest prayer to Him who is "a present help in every time of need"?

In 1864 Mr. Starr was largely instrumental in the formation of the People's Bank of Halifax. He was its first President, which position he occupied for years, and only resigned when failing health compelled him to do so; but he remained a Director until the last.

His illness was of short duration. It was really the breaking up of a constitution never very robust, and his sufferings for a few days were at times very severe. But as he lived so he died, calmly trusting in Christ. The friends surrounding his sick-bed frequently heard him pouring out his soul in expressions of gratitude for God's goodness, and in earnest prayer for His blessing. In answer to a question from his faithful wife he replied, "I am trusting solely in Jesus, and there is no fear." How true it is, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints"!

It may be proper here to enquire what were the elements of character that contributed so largely to Mr. Starr's success in life and made that life of so much value to others and a blessing to the Church.

1. He was industrious and painstaking in everything he undertook. It was a motto with him, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This was strictly observed in the smaller as well as in the greater concerns of life. In loading a vessel for the West Indies everything was done thoroughly. The fish had to be of the right kind and well cured. The cargo had to be carefully stowed, and the captain's orders, as well as the supercargo's instructions, were always given in minutest detail. Nothing was left to what is ordinarily called chance. And when everything was done that could be done, the vessel was sent on her voyage. Then his books were kept and balanced with scrupulous exactness. We remember on one occasion some weeks were consumed in finding out a mistake of one penny. Method and order were observed in all the business transactions of his life.

2. He was singularly reticent, not only concerning what was told him in confidence, but also in all business matters. He never betrayed a trust; and as a rule, even his most intimate friends knew not of his benevolent purposes until the thing was done. In many cases eternity alone will reveal his kindness and generosity to others. Especially in business transactions he made his own plans and kept his own counsel. Sometimes a vessel would remain loaded and ready for sea for some days at the wharf, until, in his judgment, the time had come to find a remunerative market, and not till then would be given the order to sail.

3. He was slow in forming a judgment, but, when it was once formed, he was firm and decided in action. Consequently, while most kind and generous in helping his friends, there were often times when, however painful it was, he had to say NO. And when, in his judgment, a certain transaction was inexpedient or of doubtful propriety, or wrong, he could not only say NO, but people soon learned that he meant what he said. Doubtless this power to say NO preserved him from many difficulties in his eventful life.

4. He possessed in an eminent degree the power of discerning character, and was seldom at fault in his judgment of men. His sense of truthfulness and integrity was so high that the least departure therefrom was sufficient to destroy all confidence in the individual concerned. There might be subsequent business transactions with the person, difficult to avoid, but everything would be so arranged as to prevent the least possibility of wrong. On the other hand, a plain, honest statement of difficulty was always sure to meet with sympathy and help. In illustration of his keen insight into character and worth in different positions of life, we mention that old Moses Johnston, the wharfinger—a coloured man—the soul of honesty, was in his employ for thirty years, indeed until his death. Dennis Kelly, his gardener, faithful under all circumstances and at all times, was with him twenty-three years; and John Kelly, the cooper, was in his service for thirty-two years—all through his active business life. When recently in Halifax, it was our privilege to visit and pray with the faithful old servant just a few days before his departure to the better world.

5. His life was one of trust in God, and all that he did was in dependence upon the Divine blessing. Here, after all, was the real secret of his success. "Lean not unto thine own under-

standing, but in all thy ways acknowledge God, and He will direct thy path." O the blessedness of a life of trust! and the more fixed and absolute that trust the larger and richer the blessing of the Lord. Mr. Starr, especially in his later years, was not much of a correspondent. Unless in connection with his business, or in reply to applications for financial help, he wrote but few letters; but in all his correspondence there was the recognition of his dependence upon the Giver of all good. On one occasion, in reply to a friend who wrote to him in a tone of affliction and trial, he says: "I regret much the painful position in which you are placed, but am thankful that a kind Providence has given me the means wherewith to render you the assistance needed." Thus all through his Christian life there was not only the exercise of simple trust in his Heavenly Father, but the continued acknowledgment of dependence upon Him. And then as God blessed him in the bestowment of His bounty, quietly, kindly, and without ostentation, as a steward of that bounty, he distributed to the necessity of others, making many hearts glad and many homes happy.

Such is the record of a useful life; and we venture the hope that the example of this good man, especially in his givings to the cause of God, may be a stimulus to others to follow in his footsteps. It cannot be said of many business men, commencing with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, that for nearly forty years from four thousand to more than eight thousand dollars were annually given to God. O that the rich baptism of the Holy Ghost may come down upon the Methodist Church, prompting her men of influence and wealth to "honour God with their substance" on a scale in harmony with the teachings of His Word and commensurate with the needs of the Church! What an impetus would be given to education upon right principles, missions, and the various funds of the Church, if only one hundred men of means, full of the Holy Ghost, would dare to trust and do for God as God has prospered them.

TORONTO, 1887.

I have learned to prize
The quiet lightning of the deed, and not
The thunder of applause that follows at
Its heels, that men call Fame.

—*Alexander Smith.*

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XI.—SARAH AND STEVE'S TROUBLE.

When Jonathan reached his home he drove to the back of the house, and calling the groom, he pointed out the condition of the vehicle, and told him to get it ready for Mistress Aske. The man looked at his master with an inquiring—almost a suspicious—face, and Burley answered the look by pointing to his own clothing, and then describing, in a few words, the tragedy he had been an actor in.

"But I don't wonder at thy wrong thought o' me, Jimmy," he added, "for I hev seen mysen the last hour as others must often hev seen me. Thank God, though, I hev clean hands yet, though they are dabbled wi' Aske's blood."

He left the man then, but he could feel the doubt that still shadowed his face, and made him offer neither remark nor sympathy; and he had a still more poignant sense of what horror and fear he must have endured had he been indeed guilty of his enemy's death.

Having hurriedly changed his clothing, he went to look for his daughter. She was lying on a sofa in the small parlour that was now their usual sitting-room. When she heard her father's step she made haste to dry her eyes, and as he entered the room she rose to meet him.

In a moment she was aware of something unusual and terrible; Jonathan's face had yet upon it the solemn shadow of one who has been in the awful presence of Death. She went to his side, and said, in a low voice, "Father, what is it?"

He put his arm around her, and answered, "Thy husband hes been a' but murdered. Now, if ta is half a woman thou wilt go to him."

She lifted her eyes quickly to his face, and there was a dreadful suspicion in them, but Jonathan promptly answered the question her lips durst not ask.

"Nay, nay, my lass. God saved thy father from that fate. I found Aske bleeding to death on t' common, and I took him home. Now, what is ta going to do?"

"I am going to him."

She spoke very quietly, and when the words were uttered, left the room to put on her bonnet and cloak. Jonathan was amazed at her composure; for when she came down stairs, though she was pallid as a corpse, she made no outcry, and her manner was singularly still and calm.

When Martha brought in his tea he thought it best to tell her the whole circumstance; and indeed he could not dismiss it from his mind. "Such a Christmas-eve! Such a Christmas-eve!" he kept saying over and over, as he sat smoking and musing in his own room.

During his visit to Jonas Shuttleworth he had been constantly and steadily abusing Aske. He had talked of nothing else but the wrong Aske had done him, and the means and conditions of his revenge on Aske. He had stimulated his hatred until it had become the ruling passion of his life. Three hours ago he would have called any man "friend" who had brought him tidings of Aske's probable death.

And the miracle was this—he could not, he could not rekindle the flame of hatred against him.

"I'm not mysen at all," he muttered; "I'd be most willing to swear it wasn't Jonathan Burley in my coat-sleeves to-night. Whativer hes come oover me? It is like as if God had said to me, 'Jonathan Burley, thou hes done thy own way long enough. Turn thee round about and do My way!' When t' sun set to-night I hated Aske with all my heart and soul. I thought I hed t' best o' reasons for hating him; and to think o' me toiling and tewing to save Aske! It's past believing! My word! but God sends men on strange errands—and they go too!"

He did not sleep much; and when he did sleep he was still aware of that helpless, bleeding form which he had supported in his arms. Once he dreamed that he had been the murderer of Aske, and he awoke in a sweat of agony. Then he realized how justly Christ Jesus declared the man who had harboured murderous thoughts to be as morally guilty as the man who puts them into practice. He arose several times during the night and knelt down and thanked God because he had given him grace to save the man whom often in his heart he had ardently longed to kill.

In the morning he had a note from Eleanor. She said an eminent London surgeon had been telegraphed for, but that the local physicians thought the case almost hopeless. There was already violent inflammation of the brain. The young Squire of Aske was lying unconscious on the verge of a bloody and untimely grave. The motive for the attack had evidently been robbery. Aske had been to Leeds, and had drawn a large sum of money from the Spinner's Bank. Both it and his watch and rings were gone. As he read this information Jonathan remembered the two men who had been seen upon the common, and he went immediately to the police-station and described their appearance as well as he could. He then felt that he had done his full duty, and he tried in some measure to dismiss the event from his mind. The sending back of Eleanor was the more

remarkable of the two events. It was the surrender of his sharpest weapon to his foe. "It's the Lord's doing! It's the Lord's doing!" he kept assuring himself; "and, doubtless, He knows how it is a' to end, for it caps me!"

It being Christmas-day also helped to rivet and to intensify the impressions of the circumstances. He gave much larger gifts to his household than usual, though he had never been less able to afford gifts; and after eating his solitary dinner he remembered that there was a festival at the chapel for the poor children of the congregation, and he determined to go and add something to its provision for them, though it should only be a penny to each child. For his heart was full of a living, restless gratitude that could not find adequate expression in mere words.

And yet it was a little effort to leave his warm, bright room and go out into the dark and slush. But with quick, resolute steps, which kept time to some melody in his own heart, he went that Christmas night to the children's festival.

He had changed a couple of sovereigns into pennies on his way through the village, and he was soon filling the small hands stretched out to him. "Tell your mammies Burley said these were for spice for yoursens. You are to buy taffy or owt you like with 'em." Burley got a full two sovereigns' worth of pleasure, and with a light heart, trustful and trusting, he turned homeward again.

It was a soaking, wretched night, but as he passed the police-station he saw Sarah Benson come out of it. She drew her shawl over her head and hurried on, but he soon overtook her.

"Sarah, my dear lass, a good Christmas to thee!"

She turned to him with a little cry, and a face so white and sorrowful that it shocked him; then, lifting her apron, she began to sob behind it.

"Sarah! Sarah! Whatever is it—joy?"

"It's the childer, master—the poor little childer. They are cold and hungry, and Joyce hed another little lass yesterday, and she's varry bad off. I'm most beside mysen!"

"Where's Steve?"

"Thet is t' worst of a'! He hesn't been home for two days, and he knew Joyce was like to be ill any hour. There must be summat wrong, I'm sure, for Steve is none bad-hearted."

"Was ta at 'station' about him?"

"Ay; I went to ask if they hed heard tell o' any accident, and they acted varry queer-like. I'm most broken-hearted, I think."

"Go thee straight home, Sarah. I'll bring iverything that is needful to thee. My word! but I am glad I came out to-night."

In half an hour bread and meat, and milk and coals, were at the cottage; and Jonathan, who was very wet, sat down by the

fire to warm and dry his feet. How could he help watching Sarah amid her many cares and duties, with eyes full of pity? The children were to feed and undress. The sick mother, half unconscious and very hard to manage, kept continually calling her. It was easy to see that upon Sarah the whole helpless family leaned.

As she was walking a sickly little child to sleep, a woman opened the door and looked in with a troubled face. Sarah caught the look and stopped suddenly.

"Oh, woman! woman!" she cried, "what is t' matter? Where is Steve? Dost ta know?"

"Ay, I'm sorry to say he's in prison, Sarah; I am that."

Sarah did not scream or faint. Her blood rushed to her face, and then back in a choking tide to her heart.

"Who told thee so?"

"My man saw him and Jerry Yates and Mike Todd brought to t' lock-up."

"Did ta hear what for?"

"Ay; they are took for robbing Squire Aske. T' Squire is badly hurt, too, and folks say it will be murder, and no less."

"Master, dost thou know owt? Is this true about t' Squire?"

"I must tell thee it is, Sarah. I'm varry sorry—"

"Then leave me alone, will you? Polly—master—go away; I want to be by mysen a bit."

A great grief is a great consecration. Both instantly and pityingly obeyed her request. But as Jonathan went out he said, "Don't fret more than thou can help, Sarah. I don't believe Steve hed anything to do wi' t' robbery of Squire Aske. I don't believe he knew anything about it; but I'll go and see him first thing to-morrow morning. I wouldn't wonder if this isn't going to be t' varry best thing iver happened Steve. Tak' my word for it, things will come right in t' long run."

"Oh, master! I hev given my whole life to t' lad; and now it seems like t' ending is to be a prison, or maybe worse."

"But where would he hev been but for thee? Think of that. Sarah, it is for t' sick woman and for t' little childer; thou must take it:" and he laid a five-pound note upon the table.

"Thank thee; I'll take it. I'm none above taking help when I can't help mysen any longer."

Early in the morning Burley went to see Steve Benson. The poor miserable man was quite broken down with his misfortune; and in spite of his anger Jonathan could not help feeling a great pity for such a complete failure as Steve had proved. He had still the frank, open face, and the candid, careless manner which had always won him, not only favour with women, but a singular degree of toleration for men.

"You see, master," the culprit said, "I left home two days

before Christmas to try and make a few shillings by cutting greens and mistletoe, and selling them. Look at my clothes, master; and I hed not been able to give mysen a full meal for a long time. How could I stand t' cold? Nobody likes t' woods better than I do; and I knew well where t' finest berries and holly were; but I could scarce walk or work for t' cold. I was falling asleep all t' time; and I was feared to give way, lest I'd niver wake again. Not that it would hev made much difference to any one—"

"It's a shame o' thee to say that. Thee, that hes such a sister! and a good wife, and little childer, too!"

"Poor Sarah! She hes borne and borne iverything for me. And, master, it isn't my fault; I have tried."

"It is thy fault—thou hesn't tried. There was always work waiting for thee at my mill, and niver a fault flung in thy face."

"Master, thou likes thy mill. Thou doesn't mind t' heat, and t' smell, and t' close work. I hate t' mill. I hate t' heat of it; it makes my head burn and throb. I hate t' smell of it; it turns me sick as death; and all t' time I'm deafened wi' t' noise of it, I hear t' sea in my ears, and I remember t' cool salt air, and *I hev to go to it.* Thou can't judge me. I want to do right and I hevn't t' power to do it."

"God forbid I should judge thee, Steve. But how about this affair of Aske's? Thou wert taken with a varry bad couple."

"I know I was. Ta sees, on Christmas-eve I hed four shillings, and I thought I would go home with it. Just below Longley's mill I met Billy Britton, and he was beating his donkey, like the brute he is, beyond iverything! I just said a few words to him about it, and then he turned on me, and he would hev given me my fairings if Yates and Todd hedn't come up. Well, master, you know yoursen you'd hev thought it right to be civil to men as hed helped you out o' Billy Britton's clutches; and when Todd said, 'Come and hev a glass at t' "Ring o' Bells," Steve,' I said, 'And thank'ee both,' and went."

"What time on Christmas-eve was that?"

"I don't know exactly; but soon afterwards I heard t' clock in t' Ring o' Bells strike seven; and I said, 'I hev to get home, lads, now,' and in a bit I left them. But when I put my hand in my pocket my four shillings were gone; and I thought to mysen, 'There's no use going home now. Joyce will cry and scold, and Sarah's still white face I can't abear to see.' So I crept in among Squire Thornbury's hay, and slept till Christmas afternoon. Then I went up to t' big house and got a real good dinner, and t' butler hed a fiddle, and I played for 'em till dark; and perhaps I hed too much spiced ale, for when I passed t' Ring o' Bells again I saw Todd and Yates still drinking there; and they shouted to me, and said, 'Come in for thy Christmas

cup,' and while I was drinking it t' police came and took us all three up. T' landlady swore I'd come in the night before with Todd and Yates, and that was true enough; but it looked bad for me, and so I hed to come here."

"I believe thou hast told me t' truth, Steve; but oh, dear me! what a fool thou hes been!"

"Thou thinks so, master, I don't doubt. God gave thee t' art of making money; and me t' art o' playing on t' fiddle, and understanding what t' birds are singing about; and I can tell thee, master, they think varry little o' men and women—and t' way in general of getting on varry friendly terms wi' all nature that isn't human nature. There's some kind o' work I could do, but it isn't weaving; however, when I get out o' this, nobody will give me weaving to do."

"Thou art wrong there. I will give thee weaving to do. I'll niver take thy loom from thee, and I hope thou wilt lay this trouble to heart and be a better man for it when ta gets back to thy work—if ta ever does get back. Hes ta heard thou hes another daughter, and that Joyce isn't doing as well as might be?"

"I heard that this morning. Poor Joyce! And little lass, too! It's none of her fault she's got me for a daddy. Master! master! look a bit after them for me, will ta? For their sakes I'll buckle down to work when I get out, and I'll do my best; I will that. Thou might send Joyce word I said so."

"I'll not see them want, Steve, thou may be sure; but I do think thou is a careless, shiftless fellow. Daily work is t' varry backbone o' any life, Steve; and till thou does it thou will niver stand up as a man should do."

In all these events Jonathan had missed Ben Holden very much. He told himself that it was Ben's advice he wanted; but really he wanted to hear Ben's praise of his own conduct.

"My word! but Ben will be taken aback! I wonder whativer Ben thought when he read o' me carrying Aske home? I think he'll be a bit proud o' me?"

Such were his reflections when he remembered his friend, for in the course of three or four days Burley had come to be a bit proud of himself in the matter. "It isn't many men as would hev done as I did. I think I may say that much for mysen, anyway!" was a very frequent decision with him.

Ben Holden came home at the end of the holidays, and his first words were: "Well, Jonathan, thou *hes* had a good Christmas! Very few men hev hed as grand a chance to keep it as thou hest."

"Ay, Ben, I'm glad I did it. It isn't many men as would hev done it."

Ben did not answer.

"Doesn't ta think so, Ben?"

"Nay, I don't. I think there's varry few men that wouldn't hev done just as thou did, and them few wouldn't be worth counting among men at a'. I hear Mistress Aske hes gone back to her home."

"Ay, I sent her t' night he was hurt."

"Well, now, I'll praise thee for that. It's a deal easier to do a grand thing than a just thing. Them that are joined together should learn to draw together. Not even a father hes t' right to put 'em asunder."

"Thou that reckons to know so much about wedding, why doesn't ta try it?"

"Happen I may yet. There's older men than me, I'll warrant, thinking about it."

Jonathan took no notice of this remark—perhaps it touched him too nearly—but he asked, in reply, "Has ta heard that Steve Benson is in prison about Aske's robbery?"

"I hev. Who'd hev thought that Steve would turn out such a bad halfpenny?"

"They say, 'as t' twig is bent, t' tree's inclined.' I don't know about that. I am sure Steve hed a rare good mother, and she were always trying to bend t' twig in t' right direction."

"Ay; but if t' twig is a willow twig to start wi', Jonathan, no amount o' bending will iver make it an oak. Steve hed some good points, but he never had much backbone."

Immediately after this visit to his uncle Shuttleworth, Jonathan had very gladly posted on his mill gates this notice—"Wanted, Five Hundred Good Weavers." Most of the applicants had come from Sykes's mill, and every one who did so was sure of a favourable reception. For Burley's change of feeling did not by any means include Sykes.

Sykes was confounded by this movement, especially as Matthew Rhodes declined, about the same time, "for reasons satisfactory to himself," to advance more money without Aske's direction. And Aske lay helpless on the very shoal of outermost being, far below the restless tides of money or revenge.

"I don't know whatever has happened, Hodgson," he said to his overseer; "all that was right is wrong; and the change has come that sudden, there wasn't any chance to prepare for it. Aske's illness knocks me up on one side, and Burley getting money on the other, for I'm sure Burley has got money somewhere."

"I heard tell that old Jonas Shuttleworth hed lifted Burley's quarrel; if so, Aske might as well give in. Jonas hes t' devil's own luck in a quarrel of any kind."

"Jonas Shuttleworth! Niver!"

"Ay, and besides that, I hear that he is Burley's own uncle: blood is thicker than water when it comes to t' pinch."

"It is a bad job, Hodgson."

"Ay, it is—for Sykes & Co."

"Art thou turning thy coat, too?"

"Nay, not I. I praise t' bridge I walk oover—as long as iver it carries me."

Sykes turned angrily away. Some men like to look at whatever hurts them, and Sykes, following out some internal impulse, walked down by the stream towards Burley's mill. It had already an unusual look of prosperity. Sykes was aware of a change. As he swaggered past the gates Jonas Shuttleworth turned the corner of the mill and came towards him.

Sykes would have passed on, but Jonas stopped him. "So it's thee, is it? Well, well. Aske hed to go down low to find a tool! He hed that!"

"Mr. Shuttleworth, I want nothing whatever to do with you."

"Varry likely thou doesn't. But I partic'larly want to hev something to do wi' thee. In t' first place, I'll give thee notice to look out for another job. I'm thinking o' shutting up t' mill thou is running now. I hev got my thumb on t' proper screw now, and thou will find it out when thy afternoon mail comes in. Thet is a' I hev to say to thee at present." And surely enough among Sykes's letters that afternoon there was one from Matthew Rhodes, directing him to annoy Burley no further until he received orders to do so.

Jonathan was at Leeds Market that day, and perhaps Shuttleworth knew it. However, Ben Holden and the old man fraternized at once. They went through the mill together, and nothing in it escaped Shuttleworth's sharp eyes.

"It's a fine mill," he said, approvingly, "and it's well managed. It hesn't a fault but its bad neighbour. We'll hev either to own Sykes's mill or put a friend into it, Ben Holden."

"I would hev said two weeks ago that either plan was an impossibility."

"It's t' impossibilities thet always happen, Ben. If I am going to put money out I think little o' t' returns thet are probable. I'd rather risk t' improbable ones; nine times out o' ten they are t' surest. When I took hold o' Burley's affairs I thought they were in a bad fix; things hev happened since that alters them, if I'm not mistaken."

"I hear t' Squire is varry low this morning."

"Poor young fellow! If he was t' worst enemy I iver hed I would be sorry for him. I like fair play above iverything, and Aske hedn't a bit of it; struck down from behind, and not a word o' warning! I don't wish his death; varry far from it. I'd a deal rather fight him honest and square, through ivery court in England. Bless thee, Ben, I hevn't a bit o' ill-will to

t' men I go to law with. I could give my hand to t' most o' them I hev got damages from. But I do wish I hed known before that it was Augustus J. Sykes that was bothering Burley."

"Then ta knows him."

"Ay, I know him. We hev hed some business together. It wasn't varry pleasant business. He owed me a sum o' money five years ago, and I sold him up. Now, when Jonas Shuttleworth sells a man up, he hes a good reason for it; be sure o' that, Ben Holden. I'm going back to Keighley now, and thou can tell Burley I was here, and that I thought well o' iverything I saw here."

Early every day Jonathan had driven across the common to ask after his son-in-law's condition, and Eleanor had come down to him with a constantly more hopeless face. "He is worse." "He is sinking fast." "He has never recognized me." Only such sad sentences passed between father and daughter. In the parlour in which she usually spoke to him there was a full-length portrait of her, taken in the first happy days of her married life. Jonathan glanced at it one morning, and then at the pale, sorrowful woman standing below it, and he went away with a heart heavy with unavailing regrets.

"Oh, but a wrong way is a hard way! Oh, but a wrong way is a hard way!"

He said the words over and over as he drove away from the large still house, and amid the clack-a-ty, clack-a-ty of the noisy looms they kept springing to his lips.

That night, soon after he got home, there came to him a sorrowful note from Eleanor. "A few hours now," she said, "would decide the fate of her husband; and oh, father, father! pray for him!"

The entreaty spoke to Jonathan's heart like a command from God. He rose up, even from his dinner table, and went into his own room, and, when he had locked the door, fell upon his knees, and poured out his soul anew in love and gratitude. And while he was praying the fire burned, and he washed out the bitterness of his hate in penitential tears, and in strong supplication for the life of his enemy.

CHAPTER XII.—BURLEY & ASKE.

Jonathan had suffered in more than one way by his self-willed passion. Not only had his business fallen off, his good name had also suffered. Sykes had said many unfair things of him, and had insinuated still worse. But hard as it was to do, he had generally followed Ben Holden's advice, and Ben always said, "Never thee chase a lie, Jonathan. It will chase itself to death. Thou can work out a good name far better than Sykes can lie thee out of it."

Sad and anxious as life was to Jonathan at this time, it had its glimpse of hope and its hours of happiness; and though Aske and Sykes had been hard to bear, their contrariness had only strengthened Ben Holden's friendship, and drawn to him not only the sympathy and help of Jonas Shuttleworth, but also, in lesser degrees, of many others.

In a way scarcely to be explained, Jonathan realized these facts and applied them to his own experience as he sat up that night waiting for the answer to his prayer. About two o'clock in the morning the message for which he had been waiting came. "Aske had been conscious; he had recognized his wife; the physician thought his final recovery was now probable." When Jonathan read the bit of paper a great wave of gratitude came over his heart, and he said, fervently, "Thank God! thank God!"

His next thought was, "Poor Eleanor!" And, indeed, Eleanor needed his sympathy. She had had to go through hours of sore trial, the very nature of which Jonathan hardly understood, and which can only be inflicted by women. On her return home she had been met by Mrs. Parsons, her housekeeper, with a polite but extreme coldness, and, though that personage scrupulously obeyed her orders, Eleanor could feel that the service was given under mental protest.

And oh, how the familiar rooms reproached her! She remembered with what loving lavishness Anthony had adorned them for her reception. And though she had so wickedly abandoned her home and duty he had permitted nothing of hers to be disturbed. Her rich and beautiful clothing hung in the wardrobes as she had left it. The jewels and laces she had been wearing were still lying loosely scattered over her dressing-table.

She took her place by her husband's sick-bed at once, and she remained there through all kinds of unspoken disapproval. Her sleepless service, her patient love, her never-wearying watch, were all doubtfully regarded. Not a servant on the place pitied her exhaustion, or believed in her affection or repentance.

"It's her jointure and her widow's right she's watching," said Mrs. Parsons, indignantly.

And it was not only the servants who held this opinion. In one form or other all of the Squire's friends and retainers were sure of his wife's selfishness. Had he died, it was not improbable that they would have felt still harder towards her, and put a still darker interpretation on her devotion by his sick-bed. The Bashpooles honestly regarded her presence as suspicious and dangerous, and if the unhappy wife's positive orders and determination had not been steadily supported by the attending physicians, Squire Bashpoole would very likely have made an active and unpleasant interference.

When Anthony came to himself it was about an hour after midnight. He had been in a profound sleep for fourteen hours, and Eleanor had suffered no foot to enter the corridor in which he lay. She was cold, she was hungry, she was on the point of exhaustion, but she stirred not. In a large chair by his side she sat motionless, waiting for life or death. At length she noticed him breathe more audibly. The gray shadow gradually passed like a cloud from his face. Slowly he opened his eyes, slowly and wonderingly, as if he were just coming into a new world. They rested upon the eager, loving, sorrowful face, breathlessly watching him. A faint smile parted his lips and he whispered, "*Eleanor!*"

"*Anthony!*"

She bent to his wasted hands and kissed them. He felt her tears dropping upon his face. There was no need of words. In that supreme moment their souls met and understood each other.

And in less than an hour the nurse on duty had let the whole household know that "Master and Missis were friends." Then the cold cloud of doubt and suspicion in which she had dwelt so wretchedly began to part; and Eleanor soon found that the Squire's pardon included that of his household. And it was pleasant to be again served with smiles and good wishes; to be sympathized with in her weariness, to have even Mrs. Parsons bring her dainty dishes of strengthening food, and insist on her taking little rests; to be, in short, thoroughly forgiven and taken into favour again.

Anthony was, for many days after his awakening, only just alive. He had been somewhere out of this real life—not *there*, not *here*—but into an awful land, a land of the shadow of death, "a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt."

And so sleeping, he came back to earth, to health, to happiness. And never in all her life had Eleanor spent more calmly blissful hours than those in which she sat by her husband's side, watching this marvellous return.

The subject of the brutal attack on Aske, as the cause of his illness, was not named to him, and for some time after consciousness returned he did not allude to it. If remembered at all, the memory was only a part of the hideous phantoms which had peopled the period of his delirium.

One day, about the middle of February, he was moved to a couch near the window. He had promised to sleep, and Eleanor left him alone and went to make some change in her dress. But he glanced out of the window, and suddenly the desire for sleep left him. Between the leafless trees he saw the broad, white spaces of Aske Common, and the spire of the church. In some way they touched a key of memory, which gave him back the whole scene of Christmas-eve.

Quick and vivid as a dream every circumstance passed before him. The faces of the men who attacked him—their voices, their dress, the seizure of his horse, the dreadful blow from behind; his effort to turn, to steady himself; his fall, the bitter cold, the slow, agonizing return to consciousness, the bending face of Burley, the drops of water, the encouraging words, and the strong arms whose embrace was his last remembrance—all these things he lived over again.

When Eleanor returned to him, radiant in ruby-coloured silk and fine lace, she was almost frightened at the expression on his face; it was so solemn and so full of purpose—Burley had saved his life; and yet he knew not what wrongs had been done Burley while he had been unconscious. Why had his father-in-law not been to see him? It must be because he was still suffering from the oppression he had inaugurated. How ungrateful Burley must have thought him! And ingratitude is one of those mean sins, the very suspicion of which makes a fine spirit burn with shame and resentment.

"Eleanor," he said gravely, "I want to see your father. Has he ever called here since—that night?"

"Oh yes; he came every morning to ask after you, until you were out of danger."

"But not since?"

"He thought it better not, dear Anthony."

"Yes—he thought I might not like to see the man who saved my life! My dear wife, am I so mean and contemptible? I had forgotten, that was all. This hour everything has been brought to my remembrance. Write to your father in my name. Tell him I want to see him. Tell him that I would have gone to him if I had been able."

When Burley got the note he was just about to leave the mill. The day was nearly over; and it had been one of those fretful days, which are made thoroughly unpleasant and unprofitable by a series of small inabilities and little worries. It must be acknowledged that Jonathan was cross, and that Ben Holden was cross at him for being so.

"Here is come Aske's groom with a letter for thee."

"Aske's groom! Now then, what trouble is up next?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Jonathan. But thou hes been making trouble all t' day; happen it will do thee good to hev some ready-made," and he laid the letter down at his side, and left the office.

In a few minutes Jonathan called to him. "I do believe, Ben, thou would hev liked me to hev a bit o' fresh worry; but, my word! thou is out this time. My Eleanor says, Aske remembered me this afternoon; and he wants to see me, and says he would hev come here if he had been strong enough to do it. What does ta think of that. Now, I'm going to Aske, and we'll see what will come out of it."

"Good will come of it, if thou can only put a bridle on thy tongue, and not expect to get more than thy share of thy own way."

"Thou art as cross as two sticks, Ben. Does ta think thou hes got my share o' good-sense as well as thy own? I wouldn't be as hard to get along with as thou art, for a good deal."

But in spite of sharp words, Ben helped Jonathan into his gig; and Jonathan, ere he passed out of the big gates, looked back and nodded to Ben. And as Ben trailed his long legs up the weary flights of stone steps once more, he said to himself, "Poor Jonathan! He's hed a deal to make him grumpy. If he hedn't a sweet nature he'd be sour as crab-apples by this time."

Eleanor's note had thoroughly pleased her father. Burley longed for peace, not because he had turned weak-hearted or had lost faith in himself and his claims, but because he loved Aske. Yes! he loved the man who had been driving him to ruin and despair for nearly four years. He longed to see him again. He longed to clasp his hand, and to make him feel how completely he had forgiven him.

Burley had not really been astonished at Aske's message. He had expected it. He knew Aske's heart by his own. He was certain that he would be as ready to acknowledge a kindness as he was prompt to resent an injury. Still, he felt that the interview was one requiring not only great kindness, but also great prudence. Under the pressure of circumstances, calling forth all the tenderness of his heart, he must not be tempted to resign the smallest claim of justice. "There's things he'll hev to hear, sick or not sick," he said to himself; "where I hev been wrong I'll say so, but I'll not give in where I hev been right."

Eleanor met him at the door, and his face glowed with pleasure to see her. This beautiful woman in silk and lace, with servants at her bidding, and the light of love and happiness on her face, was indeed his daughter. He put his memory

of the white, sorrowful Eleanor, clothed in worn black garments, behind her for evermore.

A groom was waiting for his gig, a footman in livery received his hat and overcoat; ere he was aware of it, he had fallen into the spirit of the surroundings, and, after tenderly kissing his daughter, he offered her his arm up the great staircase.

The Squire had soon wearied of his couch and was in bed when Jonathan entered his room. He turned his large gray eyes, hollow and with the look of anguish still in them, upon him. The strong man was inexpressibly shocked at the change which had taken place. "My lad! my lad!" he said, with a pitiful solemnity, for he saw a face with the shadow of the grave yet on it, and the hand Aske stretched out was far too weak to return Jonathan's clasp.

Aske did not speak, but he looked in the broad, rosy face of his antagonist, and there was something so pathetic in the look that Burley could not resist its mute appeal.

"I am varry sorry, Aske. I am that."

"I am very sorry also, and very grateful, Burley. You saved my life."

"I am right glad I saved it."

"I have wronged you—robbed you and wronged you!"

"Ay, thou hes. That is t' truth about it."

"I want to remedy the wrong as far as it is possible. Will you drop the suit? I will pay all expenses."

"Thou can stop it to-morrow. I'll be right glad to hev it stopped."

"As for the damages—"

"To be sure they have to be considered. I hev lost a deal o' money."

"I will give up the new mill with all pertaining to it."

"Why, ta sees I hevn't got money to run both mills. If I rent it to a stranger I'll hev trouble again."

"Eleanor has something to say to you, father. I hope you will let her do what she wishes. It is hard to be sorry and have no tangible way to show regret in."

"Father, I brought all this trouble on you and on Anthony."

"Thou did. I'm glad thou hes found it out, and I forgive thee with all my heart."

"I have made you lose more than the fifty thousand pounds you gave me as a marriage portion."

"I think thou hes."

"Take the fifty thousand pounds back. If I prove myself worthy of it you can restore it when you are more able to do so."

"Well, my lass, I like this in thee. If Aske is willing, I am. With my uncle Shuttleworth to back me and thy fifty thousand pounds, I can run both mills until they run themselves. Neither Aske nor thee will lose by it in t' end."

"Burley, shake hands with me. From this hour it shall be 'Burley & Aske.' In all that is to be for your welfare, I'll put my foot against yours. I am sure you will be true to the life you saved."

"Before God, I will, Aske. Thou shalt be my son and my younger brother, and the man who touches thee to harm thee will hev to answer for it to Jonathan Burley."

"I will have the proper papers made out as soon as possible. Is there anything I can do now?"

"Could thou write thy name?"

"I think I could."

"Well, then, I'll write an order to Sykes to give up all in Aske mill to me, to-morrow, and thou can sign it. He hes been saying some things about me not to be borne; and I want him out of t' reach of my hand. I came very near striking him only this afternoon."

"It is right he should go. Write the order, and I will sign it."

It would be foolish to say that Jonathan had no personal feeling in the matter. He had. He was really glad to get the better of an enemy so mean and so wicked; and it did give him a most keen pleasure to say to Ben Holden in the morning,

"Ben, get Lawyer Newby to go with thee to Sykes. Show him that bit o' paper, and give him my compliments—nay, thou needn't make any compliments about it. Just tell him Jonathan Burley says to get out o' his mill as quick as iver he can."

"My word, Jonathan! Does ta know what thou art talking about? Is ta thysen this morning?"

"I am. I am more mysen then I hev been for about four years. Man, I feel as if I hed dropped old Satan's ball and chain. It is to be 'Burley & Aske' now; now, and always, 'Burley & Aske.'"

"I am glad thou hes come to thy senses, Jonathan. God bless thee!"

"Thou always hes a snap, Ben. But don't thee be losing time. I'm in a bit of a hurry about Sykes's business. I hevn't heard the music of my looms for t' clatter o' his in a long time. Dear me, Ben! such a day as we are heving."

"THOU wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your glory—O! how transitory
Are human flowers."

—*Horace Smith.*

THE PRESENT ASPECTS OF UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Never was the importance of our educational work more pressing than at present. Four years ago it seemed scarcely possible to awaken an interest in this question. Toronto University was making demands upon the Government for increased aid. While we could not but feel that the demands were just—so far as the necessities of higher education were concerned—yet a sense of justice to ourselves, as a competing institution, precluded our assent to what would otherwise be her reasonable demands. At the same time we were face to face with a deficit of $2,500 a year which was gradually eating up our endowment, while, at the best, our provisions for our work were quite as inadequate as those of the Provincial University. Whenever we pressed the claims of our work upon our people, the reply was that we could do nothing at Cobourg, but that we must come out before the world to some place where our work could be seen. Out of these conditions came the idea of Federation. It was a full year in taking shape, and then was discussed in all its possibilities and probabilities for nearly two years more—by Boards and Conferences, Alumni and Senate. Our last General Conference made it the great question, even in the face of many other vital interests calling for their attention. Not even the great issue of the Union itself was more thoroughly and earnestly considered. And as the result, we have the decision remitted to the Church that *the highest interests of the Church and country would be promoted by the proposed movement.*

That decision of the supreme court of our Church has been followed by an Act of the Provincial Legislature making provision for the final consummation of the measure. We are now making our appeal to our Church for the ways and means.

Friends and opponents of this measure are united upon two points: (1) that in Federation our College must be second to no other in the strength and efficiency of its equipment; and (2) that, to ensure this, we must raise $450,000 to enlarge our endowment and provide the needed buildings. In appealing to our people for so large a gift, it is of course necessary that we should show that the end to be gained is worth the effort. Without reopening the question of Federation at large, we may briefly recapitulate the considerations which a year ago determined the action of the General Conference. These were:

1. That Federation would fully provide for all the objects which our fathers had in view in founding Victoria University.

2. That it would greatly increase the influence of our Church in the educational life of the country.

3. That it would supply to all the students of the country, our own included, more perfect advantages for higher learning than can be gained in any other way.

4. That it would combine the compact college organization of student-life, promoting the most perfect intellectual, moral, and social *culture*, and giving room for the most direct *religious influence*, with that broad provision for all needed higher learning which is the true sphere of the University.

5. That it would combine the resources of Church and State, of private liberality and of public endowments, without entangling the Church with the State. It does not burden the State with the work of the Church; but, by placing the resources and work of the two in alliance, it promotes the wisest economy of the funds of the people for objects in which they all have a common interest.

6. That it gives to Church and State each its appropriate field of work. To the Church College it assigns those subjects that require college training in small classes and that are valuable chiefly as means of culture, *i.e.*, of developing the taste, of ennobling and broadening the moral nature, of bringing the young under the inspiration of the most beautiful and true in human thought and action in the fields of literature and history, ancient and modern. It also leaves the Church College free to use philosophy, especially ethical and religious philosophy, and the Word of God itself, with its perfect system of truth in the opening up of the mind to universal truth, *i.e.*, to its conception of the universe; and in the structure of that intellectual framework into which every educated man fits all his thought. To the State it gives the field of science and mathematics, in which is to be found especially that knowledge which is needful in industrial, commercial, and civil life. If it be objected that thus the field is taken from the Church in which it leads the mind of the student into direct contact with the works of God, the reply is that to trace the relation of nature to God on the basis of the facts discovered by science is the province of *Natural Theology* and not of science, and *this latter subject belongs to the College.*

7. That in this way both Churches and State, *i.e.*, the people who are both the one and the other, will gain a first-class University, scarcely inferior to any on the continent, and for which we might otherwise have to wait for two full generations to come. This appears especially in the following points:—

(*a*) By consolidation a more perfect organization becomes possible. Every student is brought into direct contact with a body of instructors who can make his individual case a matter of consideration and of responsible direction.

(*b*) By bringing side by side different types of college life, all will be enriched and improved, and a Canadian type will result suited to the wants of our own country.

(*c*) The competition of the various Federating Colleges must result in the very highest thoroughness and efficiency, and where the colleges stand side by side, working for a common standard, the degenerating effects of competition in lowering the standard to attract students are entirely excluded.

(*d*) Our post-graduate students would thus form a class sufficiently large and important to warrant provision for these now to be found only in the United States or in Europe.

8. The introduction of the Colleges of the Churches into our common

National University removes at once the stigma that the University is godless. By that very fact Christianity and the Christian Church are recognized and given a foremost status as one of the great educating forces of the nation. The Christian forces are thus planted to do their work within the University, and no longer stand as mere indirect influences from without, and if the University is not henceforth the centre of moral and spiritual, as well as of intellectual life to the nation, it is because our spirituality is too feeble to do its work.

9. The contact of all the Churches in the work of relating common Christian truth to intellectual discipline should draw us together in the bonds of a common catholicity, and thus greatly advance the interests of true religion as opposed to all sectarian narrowness.

These weighty considerations, which led three of our leading laymen on the Conference floor to subscribe one-fifth of the entire sum required, are as valid to-day as when the General Conference took action a year ago, and certainly should appeal to every Methodist to follow the noble example thus set before him. The one question which now calls for discussion is this: Have subsequent events interfered with a reasonable prospect of our reaping these advantages from the Federation scheme? There are but three directions in which difficulties are supposed to lie:—(1) That the Act of Parliament under which Federation has now become possible does not furnish the needed facilities; (2) That the determination of several of the Colleges to remain outside the scheme has so marred it as to imperil its success; (3) That the needed means are not forthcoming.

To answer the questions thus raised we must summarize briefly the essential elements of the Federation scheme, consider how fully these are provided for in the Act of Parliament, how far the absence of the other Colleges will affect them, what means are needed for their successful working, and what are the ways and means by which we hope to secure these.

The first essential feature of the Federation scheme is the division of the entire field of higher education into two general departments, which may be popularly distinguished as Culture and Learning. Our modern educational system contemplates both these. The Kindergarten is occupied entirely with culture. The elementary school principally with learning: *i.e.*, the acquisition of working knowledge, the knowledge universally necessary for all spheres of modern life. The intermediate school seeks a wider foundation of elementary or working knowledge, embracing the rudiments of various languages, the three fields of mathematics, and elementary culture in the expression of thought in our own language. The work of the College is to give the highest mental culture, embracing those elements of universal knowledge which are inseparable from such culture. The field of higher learning, on the other hand, is as varied as the occupations and special pursuits of humanity, and from the earliest ages it has been the function of the University to supply the State with a number of men learned in the various branches, sufficient to supply the wants of our civilization. In the acquisition of this learning, each man specializes: one pursues chemical studies, another takes up some particular field of biology needed for the interests of agriculture, another perfects himself in physics, another in mechanics, another in the knowledge of ores and metals. Now it is evident that this special learning does not necessitate a broad culture.

It gives a culture of its own, especially of the powers of observation and comparison, a culture like that derived from the study of mathematics, almost purely of the logical processes, though inductive rather than deductive. It is a matter of universal observation, that a man may be profoundly learned and yet have but a very narrow culture.

The process of education aiming at the highest culture, on the other hand, takes a very different course. Instead of specializing it broadens its range of studies. It requires as its foundation those elements of knowledge which are needed for universal intelligence. You cannot conceive of a cultured man apart from a knowledge of the main facts of history, of biology, chemistry, physics, geology and astronomy and psychology, and of the fundamental principles of language and literature. But in none of these is it necessary that he should have the minutely extended knowledge of the specialist. But this knowledge no more constitutes culture than does a minute special knowledge of one department. These are but the implements of culture. Culture is the maturity, the perfection, the polish and strength of all the powers of the man, intellectual, moral, social, and, I may add, spiritual; that which gives him breadth of view, clearness of insight, sympathetic intuitive knowledge, refined taste, manly honour and integrity, with profound reverence for truth and right. In his intellectual life it implies especially the lifting of the man to the plane of universal knowledge, the formation in his mind of a philosophy of all things, of a framework into which all knowledge will fit itself, so that every particular fact is viewed from the standpoint of his universal conception of truth. So in taste, in morals, and in the religious life, the cultured man has his ideal by which he judges all things. Now, how is this work to be prosecuted? The standard of culture for any age must be the sum total of its advancement in civilization; and each age, so to speak, crystallizes its civilization in its literature. The study of literature, therefore, which is at the same time the study of history, must be the main agent of culture. The most successful means yet discovered for imparting this highest culture is this: *To bring the young mind into contact during the plastic period with the best thoughts and deeds of men of all the ages, especially of all the ages which have entered into the growth and history of our Christian civilization.*

Culture must therefore begin with Greek literature, art, and philosophy, and with Hebrew religion and morality, and, taking in Roman law and organization and Latin polish, it finds its completion in modern Christian literature, philosophy and history. The true educator knows how to select from this field those portions which represent all the rest, and which can be mastered in the time assigned to the College curriculum. He knows too that it is necessary to supplement this æsthetic, moral, religious, literary, and philosophic culture with a knowledge of the fundamental facts and principles of modern science, and with the discipline of inductive reasoning in science and of deductive reasoning in mathematics. Accordingly he will make judicious selections from these departments for that purpose. He knows that the scientific spirit is a necessary part of the spirit of our age, and he will by no means ignore it in the work of bringing young men up to the summit level of that age. But he will just as steadily refuse to make it the whole, or even the principal part of his work, inasmuch as the logical and physical is very far from being the whole of man.

When, therefore, you have placed in your College the whole field of ancient and modern classical literature and philosophy, together with the history with which it is inseparably associated, and especially when in the catalogue *our Christian sacred literature* is included, you have in your hands the main elements of *culture*. The rest will depend upon the men to whom you commit this work. The most learned men are not always the best educators. It is the moral and spiritual tone of the man that gives him power as an educator. There were many scholars who excelled Arnold in learning, few have equalled him as an educator. And in this process of culture, the educator should direct the mathematical and scientific options needed to perfect the education of the student. And thus to the College may be fully committed the entire work of culture, even though it does not teach a few of the branches that are incidentally needed in the process.

Now this is the department of higher education about which the Church should feel anxious and in which her influence is of essential value. Culture cannot but be moral and religious, be that religion Christian, pagan, or agnostic. If we have but succeeded in lifting our young men to the highest Christian plane of thought, feeling, and action, and if the universal principles of truth which underlie all their spiritual being are of Christian truth, then surely they are as fit to be trusted in all the varied fields of learning and research as we ourselves were when we took upon us the responsibilities of manhood.

Special learning, on the other hand, is essentially secular. It generally has a bread-and-butter basis. But even where it is pursued purely for its own sake, it has an intellectual rather than a moral aim. It makes the professional teacher, the physician, lawyer, statesman, engineer, or theologian. The country cannot do without this learning, and it must have a centre from which it can draw its needed supplies, or, in other words, a University. If that University provides efficiently for all the needed branches of learning, there is no special need for more than one. And to furnish this learning is *the work of the State* rather than of the Church. The theological school is the only University department with which the Church is immediately concerned. But with the work of the College, as we have seen, the Church is essentially concerned. It cannot be perfect without her aid. It may be very unsafe without her supervision. And of the undue multiplication of colleges there need be no fear. They will naturally present somewhat diversified types of culture ; but to the advantage of the country at large. It may even be an advantage that they should be to some extent distributed over the country ; though economy would place the College by the side of the University as *its foundation*, and as enabling us to borrow from the University some implements for college work. To sum up, the B.A. degree should virtually represent the work of the College. All else belongs to the University.

The second essential feature of the Federation scheme is the adequate power and untrammelled freedom of the College and its work. Any interference with these must arise, either directly from the constitution of the University, or from the indirect influence of the Association of the College with the University on what may seem to be terms of disparagement or disadvantage to the latter.

By its constitution the College receives from the University *a prescribed course of study* and the endorsement of its work in the *B.A. degree.* At first sight these seem to be very important limitations both of the power and freedom of the College. But they are only such as already exist, and such as have existed in the past without any of the safeguards by which they are in future to be secured. The Provincial University has in the past virtually dictated the standard both of matriculation and of graduation by its relation to the High Schools of the country; and in spite of all our effort to conform to this standard, it is well known to many of us how difficult it is to avoid placing our students at a disadvantage by the fact that they are about to enter, or are graduating from, a Denominational College. At present we suffer all the disadvantages of the power of the Senate of the Provincial University over the curriculum and standard for degrees, without any means of self-defence, such as we shall see presently the new scheme offers us in constitutional guarantees that the course of study shall recognize Christian teaching, and in an influential representation upon the Senate.

It might be supposed that the Federation scheme makes the College dependent upon the University for a certain portion of her teaching, but this is merely a matter of convenience. Under the Federation scheme from the beginning the colleges *were left free to teach the whole B.A. curriculum if they so chose*, or even to *add departments beyond that.* But they are likewise free to avail themselves to the fullest extent of the advantages offered by the University Faculty. But they are merely under moral compulsion to teach the work prescribed for University College, which includes more than one-half of the entire B.A. course, unless they would lose rank as Arts Colleges. Again, the College is perfectly free with regard to the direction of its own students, both as to discipline and as to studies within the limits of the curriculum, so that the College is in possession of the fullest constitutional powers and facilities for its work.

When we come to deal with the indirect results of Federation to the College, there is, of course, room for much more difference of opinion.

It is claimed by some that the Colleges in this way lose the stimulus of "competition." On the contrary, that stimulus is applied with greater force than ever before, when the Colleges are placed *side by side*, and their work compared by a *common test.*

Others hold that centralization will limit the usefulness of the College. But this argument is of little force when the difference of five dollars railway fare, and as many hours travel, is all that is to be gained by distribution, while both economy and efficiency may be promoted by centralization.

It is imagined that the individuality of the College, and so the variety of type of culture, will be lost. If so it will only be on the principle of the survival of the fittest, and the creation of a new type more suitable to the wants of our country than any now existing. Why should we seek to perpetuate the types of the Old World, if we can find any better? Useful varieties will be sure to perpetuate themselves under natural law, and their particular types of culture may become a matter of honest pride to the several colleges, as well under Federation as under the present system. As to the political control of the University, this will no more affect the Colleges under Federation than it does at present. The University is political

to-day only in the sense in which our public schools are political. And so long as the Provincial University is the standard by which our educational system is regulated, we are subject to the indirect influences of the "political" institution. If we are ready to meet the cost, we can make all the appointments we choose for our own College, and secure for ourselves whatever services we wish of men selected by our own "independent Board of educated men."

A great deal has been made of the loss of the degree-conferring power, as though therein we were sacrificing a moral or educational influence of the highest importance. But it should be remembered that the degree is conferred, not for the sake of the College, but of the student. And if by the surrender of our power in this respect to a common body, in which we and our graduates have an equitable and influential representation, we enhance the value of the degrees which our students receive, we are but doing our duty by them. And after all it is not in the degree, but in the work which leads to the degree, that the moral power lies. And the College will be none the less the *Alma Mater* of the student because she has bestowed, not the symbol, but the reality of his culture.

We are now prepared to answer the question, Does the recent Act of the Provincial Legislature, c. 43, 50 Vic., provide adequately for the principles upon which Federation is based? We do not claim that it is a perfect measure, but we may fairly be called upon to show that it is adequate for practical purposes.

1. It distributes the work of University and College as nearly as possible along the lines indicated in the preceding pages. The slight deviations made from those lines were made rather in the interests of the federating universities than in those of the Provincial University. And changes from those lines can only be made *by the vote in the Senate of our own representatives.*

2. It makes permanent constitutional provision for the use in the curriculum, *by any College so choosing*, of the fundamentals of Christian philosophy, ethics, literature, and history. The University becomes thus in the most practical form *a Christian University in its very constitution*, while according freedom to those who are not Christians by their own convictions.

3. In the fourth place, we have secured a large and influential representation in the Senate, which, as we have already seen, directs the entire higher education of the Province. The proposed constitution of the Senate is as follows: Six *ex-officio* representatives of Toronto University, who are not replaced when their term of office expires; the Minister of Education and the Chancellor of the University, two representatives of University College, two each of five confederating Universities and Colleges, three of the University Faculty, two of affiliated Medical Schools, two of the High School masters, one each of Upper Canada College and of the Law Society, nine appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, eleven elected by the graduates in Arts of University College, five by those of Victoria, four by the Medical graduates of both Universities, and two by the graduates in Law. In both these Faculties our graduates are at least equal in number to those of Toronto. Thus, out of a Senate of sixty members, we directly appoint seven; two of those now appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council are members of our Church Senate; we have, at least, an equal

voice in the election of six others; the appointments from the University Faculty are so made as to embrace such of our professors as may enter that Faculty in their rotation; while eight others are appointed by independent bodies, having no interests except such as are common to us with our fellow-citizens of the Province, three of them being at this very date *our own graduates*. Certainly, as a part of the people of Ontario, and as a University which has done in the past its share of work for the country, we have here our fair share of influence, an influence more likely to increase than to diminish in future. It is to this body, and not to the Minister of Education or to the Government of the day, that the practical working of the University is committed. From its very constitution it is always likely to be composed of men as well "educated" as any in the land, and it is not likely to be partizan in its political complexion or sectarian in religion.

4. Equal rights with University College and the University Faculty are secured to us in perpetuity as regards the value of instruction and examination in our College, so that no other University examinations can be imposed upon our students than such as are required of the two Faculties just named.

5. Our hold upon the discipline of our own students is secured (*a*) by the fact that all students must be enrolled in one of the federating or affiliated Colleges; (*b*) that conformity to the regulations of such College is absolutely necessary to admission to a degree.

6. The bond of each student to his College for the future is secured by the fact that his diploma is at once the diploma of the College and of the University.

These constitute the salient points of the new University charter, and we think they substantially secure to us the five points embraced in the resolutions of our Board of Regents, on the 9th of January, 1885; excepting, it may be, the question of compensation for removal, which is to a good extent met by the site given us in the University Park. Such a charter in the hands of fair-minded men, seeking not their individual or sectarian ends or ambitions, but the best interest of the whole country in the cause of higher education, ought to be worked without serious difficulty, and should give our College fair scope for the accomplishment of its mission. We do not say that it gratifies to the full the honest and honourable pride which we as *alumni* of Victoria may feel in the past history of our *Alma Mater*. But if it is at all likely to give us a higher standard of educational advantages for the future than has existed in the past; if it is at all likely to increase the educational facilities offered to students, either in Victoria or in Toronto, or both; if it is capable of throwing new moral and religious forces into the Provincial University, where to-day, and probably for all time to come, at least one-half the students of our country are being educated, including one-third of the Methodists, then surely it is our duty to sacrifice personal and sectarian sentiment to the higher sentiment of love for our country and the Church of Christ, and to do, not what may gratify our pride, but what may benefit posterity.

But it is supposed that all this theory of Federation is demolished by the fact that Queen's, Trinity, and McMaster decline to come in, and that they are so strengthening their forces that each will shortly be in possession of

resources ranging from $750,000 to $1,000,000. McMaster has now $1,000,000. Queen's is working for and rapidly approaching $750,000, and, it is said, will have it secured by the end of this year. Trinity had a year ago $650,000, and has, I believe, added something since. This, of course, implies that Ontario is tolerably sure of four fairly-equipped Universities. It does not prove the practical necessity of all these. Nor does it imply that in number of students or sphere of work all these can rise above the rank of College work for several generations to come. Is there any less need of a national University so strong as to be able to say to the others, Come up higher? And is it not especially necessary that that one should be the one which, from its relation to our educational system, must fix our educational standard? If our Provincial University, with its power to lead, were destroyed to-day, we must find something to take its place, or else find ourselves in the position of the United States, where both intermediate and University education are seriously disadvantaged by the want of a somewhat uniform and high standard both for matriculation and graduation.

Then which is for us the higher mission to-day—to help to strengthen as well with intellectual and financial as with moral and religious power the Provincial University, keeping it still at the head even of its fortunate competitors, or to bend all our energies to raise our million to maintain the fifth University, which, after all, can occupy but little more than the field of College work? For a million now it must be. Things have changed since the writer of these pages, a year ago, estimated that $400,000 in endowment would enable us to hold our own in Cobourg. Trinity has converted its superfluous real estate into means for extending its work; Queen's is adding its quarter of a million to endowment; McMaster has received gifts which place it now at the head of the list. We, too, must add at least a quarter of a million to our estimate for independence. And were that done, would we have done better for ourselves, for the country, or for our children, than we will do by the present proposal? If God has given the Methodist Church a million to spend as His steward, is an independent University the best use that can be made of it? If with that million we can bless the whole country as well as ourselves, should we not do so? Is there not a nobler way than to use our means merely for denominational aggrandizement? Our pride is a very unsafe counsellor at any time, and yet many of the arguments along this line against Federation, when boiled down and analyzed, amount only to that.

And, further, will our advantages from Federation be any the less because the others prefer a separate line of action. Counting their constituency at the largest possible estimate, it will not amount to one-third the educated classes of this Province. The Provincial University, with our alliance, will have more than two-thirds of the people and students as its constituency, and the resources of both public and *private* liberality, in the same proportion, at its back. I have already heard intimations of liberal things which are being devised for the scientific department of the University, and once the public thought is turned in that direction, it will have its full share of private as well as public benefactions. The means for equipment—far superior to anything that either we or any other of the denominations can provide by separate effort—will not be wanting when once there is a large constituency calling for a full University equipment, such as is now pre-

vented by our divisions; and no one believes that this equipment will be less efficient because there may be rival colleges in existence, to the east and west of Toronto. It may be that to our national pride the ideal may be a little less complete than it might have been had it been possible for all to join. But a University sustained by two-thirds of the people, and dispensing its benefits to so large a majority directly, and indirectly to all, may well claim, and *justly claim*, to be national in spirit, as well as in constitution, and will command the resources both of men and money which her work and position demand. Others may prefer to work under the banner of separation, she under that of unity; but they cannot claim to be more Christian than she will henceforth be, and certainly they must be considered less national and comprehensive. The lack of complete comprehension may render requisite a little more time for the perfecting of our national University, but it cannot prevent it; and in the not distant future we shall see it, in spite of all sinister predictions, all that our hearts desire. We must, therefore, conclude that by the determination of some to remain outside the Federation scheme, the situation, so far as we are concerned, is not materially changed.

The question, then, narrows itself down to a consideration of the willingness of our Methodist people to do what is needed for their part of the work. Can we, and will we, lay upon the altar of this cause the means needed to make it a success? To equip our College we need an endowment of $400,000, and buildings to cost $150,000, with $75,000 to meet outstanding obligations and furnishings. Of this we have on hand $175,000, leaving $450,000 to be raised by our present effort. To put it on a par with the new Queen's, to say nothing of McMaster, we need $750,000, of which we cannot reckon more than $250,000 on hand, leaving $500,000 to raise. When a year ago we mentioned $300,000 as a minimum for independence in Cobourg, our basis was the then existing equipment of sister Universities. And this will constitute the ever-recurring difference between Federation and independence. Federation contemplates a common public provision for the expanding portion of a University curriculum. The main elements required for College culture change but slowly. But the sciences in which the country needs learned specialists are multiplying every year, and require a provision continually becoming more costly; and the President who thinks that when he has reached a certain ideal provision his work is done, is reckoning without his host. It is in this expansion, which must continue for all time, or at least as long as the intellect of man continues its present activity in opening up new fields of science, that the economy of Federation will appear.

It is not so much in the first cost as in the permanently increasing cost that we shall save. By Federation, we lay the foundations of an economy that goes down to our children's children. By division, we entail upon them the most expensive and not the most efficient form of providing their children with the higher learning.

But is even the amount required for Federation feasible? A moment's consideration of the ability and willingness of our Church to give must convince us that it is.

We require for this work.....	$450,000
Special Toronto subscriptions for buildings are already.	75,000

And a few leading laymen have pledged about	$125,000
Leaving to be raised.....	250,000

This amount distributed through the Conferences of Ontario gives each about twice its annual missionary contribution. That is, we are asked to do, for the future of our children and our country, for two years a work only equal to that which we repeat every year for the cause of missions. Or, putting it by Conferences :

Toronto Conference (additional)		$75,000
Niagara	"	50,000
London	"	35,000
Bay of Quinte	"	35,000
Guelph	"	30,000
Montreal	"	25,000

Surely such an amount, distributed over 100,000 members of our Church in Ontario, is within easy reach.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SOCIAL DISTRESS.*

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy."—PSALM xli. 1.

THERE never has been an age since the world was in which there has not been a contrast between the lots of the rich and of the poor ; but in Southern and Eastern lands, where life is easily maintained, poverty is never so pressing as in lands like ours. The life of England is unfortunately becoming more and more a city life, and it is in cities—above all in great cities—that the contrast becomes most glaring and the distress at times so ghastly as to madden the multitude with a sense, however blind, of intolerable wrong; and when this is the case it has often been the sign of social decay, the omen of impending ruin. What was one cause of the downfall of ancient Rome? What was the cause of the French Revolution? It was the hard reality of inexpressible misery brushed by the rustling masquerade of careless luxury. One day, as Louis XV. was hunting in the woods away from the guilty palace of Versailles, he met a ragged peasant with a coffin. "What did the man die of?" asked the king. "Of hunger," said the serf, and the king gave his steed the spur. When Foulon was asked how the over-taxed people were to live, he brutally answered: "Let them eat grass." When the mob, maddened into wild beasts, caught him in the streets of Paris, they hung him, and stuck his head upon a pike, his mouth filled with grass, amidst the sounds as of Tophet from a grass-eating people. What is history but the reflection of the experiences of the past for the warning of the present?

In these days it is the duty not only of every Christian, but of every patriot, of every lover of his fellow-man, to think often and seriously on his

*Preached in Westminster Abbey, November 15th, 1886.

duties to the poor. Whether distress is more or less universal now than in past days is a question which we need not consider; suffice it for our duty and for our sympathy that distress there is; and for Christians there can be no sight more solemn and saddening than that of wealth, a monster gorged amidst starving populations. In a society so complicated as ours the change of a fashion, the shifting of a tax, the accident of a discovery, the changing of a line of commerce, may affect the livelihood of thousands. The numbers of the unemployed may be exaggerated, and the fact of being unemployed may, in many cases, result from untrustworthiness and misconduct; still, there are in this city thousands who are out of work who would work if they could, and I shall not shrink from quoting the words in the pamphlet of a Socialist as to what this means: "It means to gradually sell or pawn the few sticks of furniture which convert the single room into a home; to blister the feet by walking in search of work, while hope deferred makes the heart sick, and want of nourishment enfeebles the frame; to see your wife sinking for lack of food, and to send your children to the Board School without breakfast; to know that as you grow each day more gaunt in face, more shabby in appearance, more emaciated in physique, there is less and less chance of obtaining employment; to return faint and footsore after a long day's tramp, and hear those whom you love best on earth crying for want of food; to ponder in cold and hunger whether the theft which might save your family from starvation is a crime or a duty; to be restrained from suicide only by the certainty that your death would drive your helpless daughters to swell the ghastly army of degraded womanhood; to feel drawing ever nearer to the day when you will be driven alone into the living tomb of the workhouse; to feel through all this that you have done nothing to deserve it—that is what it means to be out of work."

And the picture is not exaggerated. I claim your attention, I claim the attention of the nation to it, and the question at once arises: If there be this deep distress, how is it to be remedied? Let us see how nations and classes sometimes deal with it. Sometimes, and this is the very worst and basest way of all, they treat it with neglect and indifference, shut their eyes hard to it, ignore it altogether. This most fatal course is possible, but not for long. It is possible, for a time, for men to make colossal fortunes by grinding the faces of the poor, to surround themselves with every form of luxury, to make the calendar of the year one round of careless, heartless, selfish dissipation, to be indifferent to the fermenting mass of unhappy human beings around them, to encourage the traffickers in drink and poison and lust and death and spurious excitement, until the society beneath them is an accumulation of Dead Sea wreckage. So it was in France in 1750, the population growing daily more and more wretched, more and more vicious, more and more ferociously sullen, more and more madly discontented, till the low moan and mutter of the ground swell of this heaving sea of miserable humanity burst forth into the roar of the flood and the typhoon. Of all courses which a nation and its rich and its rulers can take, the indifference to social problems, the neglect of social problems, the mere *laissez faire* as to social problems, is the most insensate and the most base.

Another way of dealing with distress is the sudden adoption of spasmodic, ill-considered, panic-stricken remedies, which only intensify the

virulence of the disease. It is like the policy of Ethelred the Unready in buying off the incursions of the Danes.

One of the worst and commonest of remedies is a remedy altogether temporary and contemptible—it is that of indiscriminate doles; it is the perpetual feeding of a foul disease; it neglects the sufferers to support the rogues. The person who, without inquiry, gives his money to the hypocritical whine and lying tale of professional beggars is flinging it away in the encouragement of lazy imposture. Such mercy is not mercy; it is pure selfishness. It is twice cursed—it curses him who gives and him who takes. There are classes whom it is a simple wrong to the rest of the community and to themselves to encourage in their worthlessness. The London roughs, the London criminals; the professional pickpockets and burglars who make life a terror to myriads of unprotected households; the blaspheming groups which loaf about the thievish corners of the street, blighted by depravity and gin; the wretches who haunt the parks to levy blackmail by trumping up lying charges against the innocent; the brutal bullies who assault the helpless girls and snatch purses from helpless women—these are as obscene birds of prey to which every society true to itself should mete out a pitiless justice. And the sturdy vagabonds and begging letter-writers and rogues who go about with sham deformities and stolen children are hardly less noxious and depraved. When you give to these you will not exercise indiscriminate charity; you are doing indiscriminate mischief. To "consider the poor" is a high and a blessed thing; to fling chance doles to the drunken and the worthless is a mere baseness and folly. Relief funds administered hap-hazard may only do the same harm on a larger scale. The East End of London, according to some who know it and who love it best, has been irretrievably demoralized by the careless scattering of ill-considered gold. It is only when we give wisely and generously that God will approve our gifts. And the wise giving of money becomes a most stringently obligatory duty in exact proportion as we take no personal part in those forms of kindness which are more personally blessed.

Again, distress is not to be remedied by hasty interferences with well-understood economic laws—interferences, perhaps, rashly conceded on the one hand, because they are menacingly demanded on the other. By all means let everything be done which a Legislature can do; but it ought not to do that which tends only to pauperise the working classes, on the one hand, while, on the other, it lays the heavier burdens on those whose sufferings are more silent, but not less real.

Least of all can distress be remedied by wild dreams of revolution, by Socialism, Communism, the destruction or terrifying of capital, the robbery of property, the disturbing of the peace of cities, or anything of the kind. These things, in the long run, merely mean pillage, anarchy, bloodshed, national madness, unfathomed misery, irretrievable ruin, which would not fall mainly on the rich, but which would fall on England as a nation, on its great middle classes, and most of all, and most irretrievably of all, upon the poor themselves. To set class against class, to teach the ignorant, the criminal, and the lazy to turn hungry eyes of hatred on property, to teach them the falsehood that property is necessarily plundered from them, or that they would be anything but infinitely the worse for the vain attempt to seize it by force—that is the most speedy and the most certain way of turn-

ing partial distress into universal catastrophe, and present discomfort into final ruin. The Socialists talk of "the contemptuous charity of the rich." I venture to say that the charity of the rich who are charitable is as much the reverse of contemptuous as it possibly can be. What is needed is to abolish, not to exacerbate, the existence of needless and unchristian bitterness between those who are called the masses and the classes. What we desire to promote is the feeling that the interests of often contrasted classes are not antagonistic, but identical; that each may be equally happy in their own lot; that they cannot do without each other; and that by every law, human and Divine, they are bound to work with, they are bound to help each other.

But I turn from the negative to the positive side. If nothing but evil can come from these remedies, or no remedies, on which I have touched—namely, from neglectful indifference, from indiscriminate almsgiving, from panic-stricken legislation, from Socialistic revolution—are we to sit still and do nothing? God forbid! There is a world of room for Christian effort; there is ample work to be done by every human being who has risen sufficiently high in the scale of human being as to have a brain to think, a heart to beat, or an arm to aid. So far as the Socialists are moved by deep compassion for human misery (as I am persuaded some of them are moved), so far as their action may serve to startle us from a selfish apathy, so far as they succeed in opening the eyes of this nation to a state of things which it will tax all the wisdom of the wise and all the mercy of the kind to remedy—so far they may well have the sympathy of us all, even when we are compelled to consider many of their words inflammatory, and some of their methods a certain cause of deeper misery and of worse complications.

But there is one remedy which goes to the very heart of the matter, and if the Socialist leaders whom, as I have said, I regard to be, as far as I know them, sincere men—if they desire to benefit and not to madden, to uplift and not to flatten, it is their special duty, of all men, to make their adherents see, that if in this nation distress is to be relieved, and pauperism is to be abolished, then they must do their utmost to cut off the most prolific and permanent causes of distress and of pauperism. He is a better patriot and a truer philanthropist who cuts off the causes than he who potters with the effects, he who prevents the disease than he who merely alleviates or drives inward the symptoms. Now, it is a very sad fact which we must confront, that besides the distress which is innocent and undeserved, and which needs all our sympathy and all our efforts, there is a great deal of distress (how much, God only knows) which is absolutely self-caused, which is the necessary consequence of laziness and vice. It is a duty to say this. It will not be relished, but truth never is relished. If it is a duty to speak of the sins and vices of the rich, it is no less necessary—and in these days, when the working-classes are our practical masters, it requires more courage—to point out not harshly, not unsympathetically, yet with perfect faithfulness, the sins and vices of the poor. Now, among the poor there are three wide-spread and prolific causes of distress. They are thriftlessness and, above all, drink.

First, there is thriftlessness. The poor clergyman, the poor clerk, the poor tradesman is, as a rule, thrifty. He denies himself; he lives within his

narrow income; he puts by some of his scanty earnings; in the summer he does not forget the winter, nor in sunshine the rainy days. It is not so with multitudes of the poor. When in receipt of good wages many of them waste what would have kept their self-respect when work is slack. They have not realised, as a class, that extravagance and luxury are quite as possible and culpable in the poor as in the rich, and that if it sometimes be extravagance and luxury to spend money on jewels or on flowers, it may be a worse extravagance and a worse luxury to spend money on gin and beer.

But the master cause, the Aaron's rod among the serpent causes of distress, is drink. A philanthropist bore witness that last year he relieved out of the Mansion House Fund 2,900 cases of distress, and had ascertained that 2,850 were directly due to drink. A statistician, minimizing rather than exaggerating, found that the working-classes of England spend annually thirty-six millions of pounds in drink, and of that amount very many millions are not merely spent in drink, but wasted in drink. A sum sufficient to redeem the whole kingdom from pauperism is squandered in excess. I do not wonder at it so long as we are by law sowing our streets broadcast with gins and traps of glaring temptation, and while legislatures still continue to listen with cynical indifference to the long-continued appeals of those who know that this is the one master-fiend of national degradation. Why do we leave this curse unchecked? Let us leave the beasts of prey upon our shields, but let us tear the lilies out.

Nor can any one effectually help the working classes till in these respects they have made a strenuous effort to help themselves. Wherever, in any nation, there is sloth, incontinence, bad work, recklessness, there is no power on earth which can prevent distress. The working classes loudly complain that our ships are being filled with foreign sailors and our trades crowded with foreign competitors; but so it will be if foreign sailors are the less drunken and the more trustworthy, and if the foreign workmen be the more industrious and the less incompetent. That which controls for the good of man the laws of life never will be the shout of the noisiest, the wish of the idlest, the decree of the lowest, but the hand of the diligent and the knowledge of the wise. The man who helps to put down the curse of drink will certainly not earn millions a year by doing it, nor will Governments vie with each other in raising him to the peerage; but, on the contrary, he will have the hatred of all those who are attached to the selfishness of monopoly, and all who have a vested interest in things which are causes of human ruin; but he will have done more good by diminishing human misery than if he built ten cathedrals, by preventing sickness than by endowing hospitals, and by promoting virtue than in building gaols.

Secondly, we can all of us help wise institutions, and, thank God! there are very many of them. Every effort to make men good, steady, diligent workmen; every effort to raise the swarming myriads of our youth into health and purity, into self-reliance and self-respect; every effort to clear our thoroughfares from their shameless immorality; every help given to well-conducted hospitals; every help energetically and self-denyingly extended to all who are thoroughly willing to help themselves, is a remedy in the power of each of us, and it is a remedy which blesses and is blessed.

There are three ways in which we all can help—by fighting against the

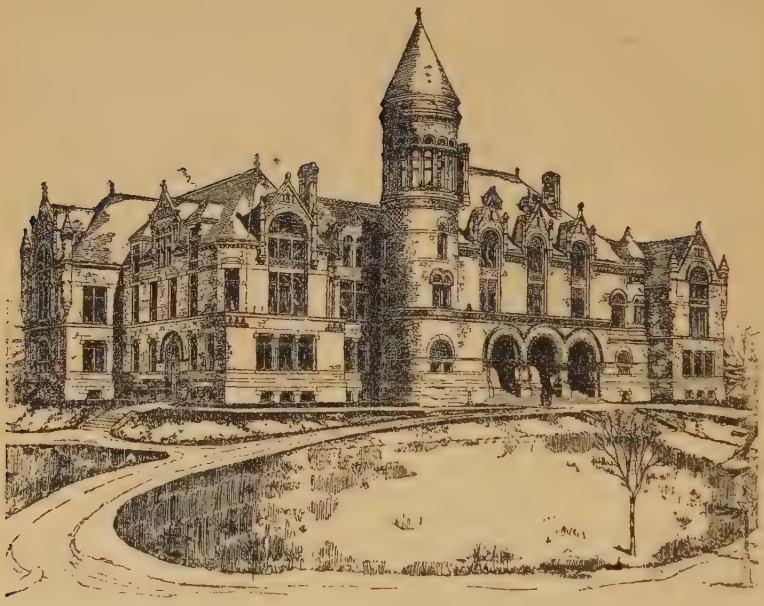
causes of distress, by assisting every good and careful institution for relief as it is our duty to do, by generously and strenuously trying to do our individual duty. It is ridiculous, and it is faithless, to take pessimistic views, and to despair of the whole state of society. If only every man and woman among you recognised the plain truth that you are the Church; that all these duties are not the duties of the clergy only, but just as much your duties; that you can no longer shift on others' shoulders the sacred responsibilities which God, and no other, lays individually upon you; if, in other words, Christians could only be aroused to be Christians, to feel as Christians, to live as Christians, to labour as Christians, we should soon sweep away the subterranean horrors of this deep, dark underworld of woe that underlies life's shining surface—dim populous dens of multitudinous toil unheeded by the heedless. There is wealth enough to relieve ten times over all real distress and not to feel it. What did we witness the other day? Some great brewing concern was to be sold, and it was recorded that this flourishing drink traffic—which, at any rate, was not depressed if other trades are depressed—could produce 15 per cent. Six millions were required to buy this drink manufactory. Six millions! Enough, if wisely used, to raise myriads above the fear of want. But what happened? Not only six millions, but one hundred and twenty-six millions was promptly forthcoming—one hundred and twenty-six millions, amid the much-talked-of depression of trade and of the nation, ready to come in with a rush and buy up a speculation! And yet the clergy, hundreds of them, are half-starved, and the unemployed are talking of a revolution. Oh, terribly heavy in these days are the responsibilities of the wealthy! Some few of them are splendidly liberal; many of them are the reverse of liberal, and to all such St. James says: "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are rotted and your garments moth-eaten." Such was the Apostle's terrible denunciation of selfish ease and arrogant rapacity. It is valid forever against the tarnish and corruption of all wealth that has been greedily amassed and that is ungenerously withheld. Wealth is honourable, and may be used most blessedly when men regard themselves as being what indeed they are—stewards of it and not the owners; when they know how to acquire without avarice, and how to expend without grudging; but the wealth of the callous, the selfish, the greedy, the luxurious—their gold and silver is rusted, and its rust shall be a witness against them, and shall eat their flesh as it were fire.

TRUE COMFORT.

O HEART of doubt!
When wilt thou, O foolish heart, be wise?
Thou lookest everywhere, within, without,
Forgetting only to lift up thine eyes.

No more despair!
There is no help for thee in things below;
Search not within for hope, it is not there,
But unto God for comfort go.

Current Topics and Events.



Proposed Victoria College, Toronto.

THE NEW VICTORIA.

We are glad to be able to present to our readers the accompanying engraving, of the proposed design by Messrs. Langley & Burke for the new Victoria College, Toronto. Our readers are aware that the Government has set apart, for the nominal rental of one dollar a year, one of the most eligible sites in University Park—a noble plot of 4½ acres—for the proposed College. Should the College ever wish to become owner of this valuable property, which will become more valuable every year, it can do so on payment of its value *at the present time.*

We are glad to learn that Dr. Potts, the indefatigable Secretary of Education, is receiving so marked encouragement, not only in the general educational work of our Church, but especially in his canvass for the building and endowment fund of the New Victoria. The prospect of, within a reasonable time, receiving the whole of the $450,000 required for the equipment of the new College, never seemed so encouraging as now. Already about half of that amount has been subscribed, although the Secretary may be said to be only now entering upon his systematic canvass. The other parts of the country naturally look to Toronto to take the lead in this matter. It is nobly doing so. Already the Toronto subscriptions amount to $110,000. It may be counted on to raise its full share of the balance required.

The Guelph Conference has promptly assumed the apportionment assigned it, in what was considered an equitable distribution

among the Conferences of the relative amounts needed to raise the $450,000 required. The other Conferences, we are persuaded, will do the same. In addition to what is already promised, only about as much is required as we *raise every year* for missionary purposes, and this sum is distributed over three years. The Toronto Conference alone raised last year for all connexional purposes nearly $400,000—more exactly $396,901. The addition of one-sixth of this amount for three years will more than equal its entire share of this endowment and building fund. To say that we cannot raise the needed amount is to greatly underestimate the Christian liberality of the generous supporters of the institutions and ministrations of our Church.

If all will only promptly do their equitable share, the great scheme shall go boldly forward to an early and successful accomplishment. Of course a special effort like this cannot be so equally distributed as that for the missionary or other funds of the Church. We only cite the above figures to show that we are well able to make this grand effort to place Victoria College on such a vantage ground that it shall reflect a lustre on our Church, and bless our children and our children's children for all time.

After Dr. Burwash's admirable demonstration of the striking advantages of Federation, we need add no words of ours. We are fully persuaded that we shall have a far better college—one that will render grander services to our Church and to the country—by this Federation movement than we dare hope to expect by the expenditure of a very much larger sum of money—probably twice the sum—in any other way, or any other place. Many of the best friends of the proposed Baptist University, which has now an endowment of nearly a million of dollars, strongly urge that it come to Toronto and enter the Federation scheme; being convinced that even a million dollars is not an adequate sum for the endowment of an independent university which shall be adequate to the necessities of the twentieth century, on whose threshold we stand.

The following is a brief description of the proposed building above shown:

The design is in the Romanesque style, not slavishly followed as a style, but modernized to suit the requirements of the day, and yet preserving some measure of the spirit of the old work.

The building is proposed to be executed in grey Credit Valley stone, with trimmings of brown stone and red terra cotta, and roof of red tiles.

The central portion of the building will be devoted, on the ground floor, to the offices of the executive and professors' parlor, arranged on either side of the entrance hall. This hall will be approached through a vestibule and broad triple-arched porch.

On the north side of the hall will be placed the main staircase, a conspicuous feature in all floors, and flanked by the janitors' and coat rooms.

A broad, well-lighted corridor will lead to the class-rooms, placed in wings or extensions at each end of the main building. Accommodation has been provided for six class-rooms and Senate room on this floor.

Entrances for students are placed at both east and west ends, the corridors extending the full length of the building.

On the first floor, in the centre, will be placed the chapel, covering the space occupied by the ground floor offices and a portion of the entrance hall.

Convenient to the chapel will be the rooms of the President and the Dean of Faculty. On this floor will be four class-rooms, ladies', professors' and students' parlors, and the library.

On the second floor will be located a large examination hall over the chapel, a smaller examination room, three society rooms, and professors' and students' rooms.

The basement will be devoted to recreation rooms, janitors' apartments, storage, and heating and ventilating apparatus.

DEATH OF DR. NELLES.

UPON the Methodist Church in Canada has come the shadow of a great sorrow. By the death of Dr. Nelles that Church has lost one of its greatest minds, one of its noblest spirits, one of its most tender and generous hearts. But the profoundest sorrow, outside the circle of his own immediate kindred, will be felt by the many hundreds of present and former students of Victoria University throughout the length and breadth of the land. These have come into personal relations with him and have felt the spell of his genius. No man in Canada ever so largely helped to mould the mind and character of so many of the young men of the country at the most susceptibly formative period of their lives. For thirty-seven years he stood at the head of the Institution with which his best affections and his ceaseless labours were identified. He found it in a weak and struggling condition. For long years he bore the stress of the strain to raise its character, to increase its resources, to develop its educational scope. Despite its comparatively limited means, its inadequate buildings and the limited number of its teaching faculty, that Institution, under his faithful guidance, won its way to the forefront and laid the entire Province under the greatest obligation for its services in the cause of higher education. Dr. Nelles' views on the great subject to which he devoted the best energies of his life were wide and comprehensive. His annual convocation addresses were awaited with keen interest and heard and read with profit and delight. There was in them a breadth of outlook, a philosophic largeness of scope, that gave them an important and permanent value.

In the engrossing duties of the College President those of the Christian minister were not forgotten. Old students will remember with delight the inspiring and uplifting sermons delivered in the College chapel. Some of those which we heard thirty years ago abide with us still as a precious memory. Dr. Nelles was one of the grandest preachers we ever heard — grand, not through tricks of rhetoric, but by sublimity of style. There was in his sermons nothing commonplace. The thought was lofty, the language chaste and beautiful, the spirit sympathetic with all that was best and noblest in morals and religion. The broad receptivity of Dr. Nelles' mind was remarkable. He saw not merely one side, but all sides of a subject. In philosophy and in theology he had a breadth of view which narrow-minded men could not comprehend. It was impossible for him to be either a pedant or a bigot.

It is a cause for great regret that the engrossing duties of his position prevented his making larger contributions to the permanent literature of his country. Few men were more graceful masters of style. His taste was fastidious and exquisite, and his contributions to this MAGAZINE were read with delight and remembered with profit. He had an unusually wide acquaintance with philosophical literature, and was a great lover of good poetry. Our readers will remember his beautiful and sympathetic critical treatment in these pages of the poetry of Whittier, especially of his religious poetry—a paper which called forth the warm appreciation of the venerable Quaker poet.

God endowed our departed friend with a keen sense of humour, which found frequent expression in sparkling and effervescent wit. But only those who were favoured with his intimate friendship or private correspondence knew the pensive side of his nature, and the serious depth and tenderness of his religious life and thought.

Though the breadth of his sympathies and the clearness of his vision rendered it impossible for Dr. Nelles to become an extremist or

a partisan, yet on a great question he could unhesitatingly take sides and strongly avow his convictions. It was conspicuously so on the Union question, which was before our Church four years ago. More recently he exhibited his characteristic breadth of view in his adoption of the principle of University Federation, of which he was, under its earlier aspects, the most eloquent exponent and advocate. The partial failure of that scheme in its original scope, led to a change in his views, and a frank and candid statement of that change and of reasons which seemed to him to demand it. In this we believe he was much misunderstood and misconstrued. But no fairminded man ever for a moment doubted Dr. Nelles' loyalty to his convictions of duty, and to what he deemed the best interests of the Institution in whose service he had spent his life. In the heat of debate on this subject, at the last General Conference, things were said that keenly tested the equanimity of the honoured President of Victoria University; but he endured them all with the spirit of a Christian, and no word of anger or resentfulness fell from his lips. Although the present writer differed widely in his conscientious convictions from those of his dear and honoured friend, yet that divergence never caused the shadow of a shade to becloud the intimacy of their personal friendship.

No man was more unselfish, more incapable of self-seeking than Dr. Nelles. His fidelity to Victoria University, and to the Church of his choice, deprived of attractiveness any offers of preferment which his brilliant abilities would have commanded elsewhere.

It is with a deep and poignant sense of personal loss that we write these lines. The bereavement is so sore and so sudden that it almost benumbs the mind. We hoped that the Church and country would long have enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Nelles' wise counsels, of his irenical temper, of his Christian spirit, in the solution of the Educational problems before us. But *dis aliter visum*—the God whom he served has called him from his life-long labour to his everlasting reward. A prince and a great man is fallen in Israel. Now that he is gone from us we realize more fully his worth and the greatness of our loss.

DEATH OF LADY BRASSEY.

It will be with a deep sense as of almost personal loss that our readers will hear of the death of Lady Brassey. She has thrice laid this Magazine and its entire constituency under great obligation by her kind permission to reprint the substance of her interesting volumes and by generously furnishing the means for the copious illustration of these reprints. The intelligence of her death comes attended with circumstances of peculiar sadness. The meagre cable despatch merely says that she died on board the *Sunbeam*, her husband's yacht, while on the voyage to Australia, and was buried at sea. She loved the sea and has found her last resting-place in its great depths.

Instead of subsiding into a fashionable society woman, as most ladies of her wealth and social position do, Lady Brassey devoted her time and talent to instructing an ever-widening circle of readers. Few works of travels have been so widely read, or have communicated so large an amount of interesting information, as have hers. She was a remarkably intelligent and acute observer and graceful writer. She had access to the best society everywhere and had the amplest opportunities for seeing everything worth seeing at its best. She possessed more than an amateur acquaintance with the natural history of the many countries she visited, and had a very considerable knowledge of several of the languages of Europe. Though of delicate health she accomplished a large

amount of literary work. Few persons have any idea of the drudgery there was in the mere transcribing and proof-reading of her several large volumes. She only accomplished this by her habit of early rising, being often at her desk at four in the morning, and by her indefatigable industry.

One of her noblest characteristics was her thorough womanliness—her sympathy with the poor, with the sick and suffering, with the sailors and servants of her husband's yacht. Her sympathy embraced their religious as well as their material interests. In this she was admirably helped by her husband. He used regularly to conduct religious service on the *Sunbeam*, and his wife tells us that "he preached a very good sermon."

Lady Brassey had recently been in India and other parts of the East, and we were anticipating the pleasure of still another volume of interesting travel from her pen. In an autograph letter to the writer, dated "on board the *Sunbeam*, off Gibraltar," she expresses very generous sentiments toward this MAGAZINE. And her practical beneficence showed that these were not sentiments merely. Many thousands of readers through the English-speaking world will feel a sense of more than passing sorrow for the death of this amiable, accomplished, and generous lady, who made the world the richer by her life, the poorer by her death. A pathetic interest will be given to the remaining pages of her last book, now in course of reproduction in this MAGAZINE, especially in the chapter in the forthcoming December number, in which she records the successive bereavements of her life.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1888.

THE past year has been the most successful in the history of this MAGAZINE. We have had a larger increase of subscribers than ever and have published a larger number of illustrated articles, and those of a better character than ever before. Our increased patronage has warranted the preparation of a large number of engravings expressly for these pages. That policy will be still more largely adopted in the future, and a more extended range and increased appropriateness of illustration will be thus secured than has hitherto been possible. The following will be among the articles, too numerous to mention in full, which will find a place in Volumes XXVII and XXVIII for the ensuing year.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

A second series of articles by the Editor, describing, with copious pictorial illustration, an extended visit to and through the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. This series will be a counterpart to those of last year describing the extreme western part of the Dominion.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

A series of articles, with numerous superb engravings, describing and illustrating some of the finest scenery in the counties of Antrim, Londonderry, Donegal, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Kilkenny and Dublin, including the Lakes of Killarney, the wild west coast, the Giants' Causeway, Dunluce Castle, Dublin Bay, and many other of the fairest scenes of the Green Isle. This series will be of special interest to our numerous Irish readers.

A companion series to the above will be a number of articles entitled

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND,

with a large number of beautiful engravings of the most romantic and interesting scenes and historic sites in the shires of York, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire,

Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Cambridge, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Kent, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall. This series will include numerous engravings of London, York, Oxford, Cambridge, etc. It will be one of the most interesting series of articles ever presented in this MAGAZINE.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY,

with numerous full-page engravings of the chief actors and scenes and events in the great historic drama of Europe—a second series of the articles which attracted so much attention two years ago.

"LAND OF THE PHARAOHS,"

"ASIA MINOR AND THE LEVANT,"

and "BIBLE LANDS,"

with large numbers of Bible scenes in Egypt, Palestine, Syria and the Levant, of much interest to all Bible readers.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE,

with pictures of many of the most interesting and important scenes and cities in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and Belgium. Other illustrated articles will be:

"MISSION LIFE AND WORK IN CHINA,"

"ALASKA AND THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST,"

"IN THE HIGH ALPS,"

A STUDY OF CARLYLE, with fine portrait,

and others which cannot now be enumerated.

As heretofore, the MAGAZINE will be enriched by contributions from the leading minds of Methodism at home and abroad, and by leading writers of other Churches. The interesting papers by the Rev. Dr. Williams, on "THE MINOR POETS OF METHODISM," which have been read with much interest, will be continued. Mr. John Macdonald will write on "RECOLLECTIONS OF TORONTO METHODISM." Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, will write on "THE DAILY LIFE OF THE INSANE." Mr. Warring Kennedy will write on "IMPRESSIONS OF OCEAN GROVE" (illustrated). The Rev. J. W. Annis, M.A., will tell the remarkable "STORY OF METLAKAHTLA."

Articles may also be expected from a large number of the distinguished writers whose contributions have in the past so greatly enhanced the value of this periodical.

The arrangements for the serial story are not yet complete, but it is expected that one of surpassing interest and of intense religious purpose will be secured.

PREMIUM BOOKS FOR 1888.

Instead of having a special premium book for the *Guardian* and another for the MAGAZINE, as in past years, the publisher offers a valuable list of books to the subscribers to either periodical at the prices annexed. This is a rare opportunity for our friends to supply themselves with first-class reading matter at prices very much below the regular rates.

Be particular to write plainly the name of the books you wish sent, and enclose the amount with your subscription.

HONEST JOHN STALLIBRASS. Cloth, 266 pages. Retail price $1.00.—35c.

NESTLETON MAGNA: A story of Yorkshire Methodism. Cloth, 307 pages. Retail price $1.00.—30c.

SIMON HOLMES, THE CARPENTER OF ASPENDALE. Cloth, 356 pages. Retail price $1.00.—35c.

The above three works are by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, whose writings are well known in Canada.

BITS FROM BLINKBONNY; OR, BELL O' THE MANSE: A tale of Scottish Village Life. By John Strathesk. Cloth, 301 pages. Retail price $1.00.—40c.

ALDERSYDE: A Border Story of Seventy Years Ago. By Annie Swan. Cloth, 318 pages. Commended by Mr. Gladstone. Retail price $1.25.—55c.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT. By Henry M. Stanley. Cloth, 312 pages. Illustrated. Retail price $1.00.—40c.

VALERIA, THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS: A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome. By W. H. Withrow, D.D. Cloth, 243 pages. Retail price 75c.—40c.

SUMMER IN PRAIRIE LAND. By Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D. Paper, 198 pages. Retail price 70c.—25c.

ANECDOTES OF THE WESLEYS. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. Cloth, 391 pages. Retail price $1.00 —30c.

THE HALLAM SUCCESSION: A Tale of Methodist Life in Two Countries. By Amelia E. Barr. Cloth, 310 pages. Retail price $1.00.—35c.

PRAYER AND ITS REMARKABLE ANSWERS. By W. W. Patton, D.D. Cloth, 403 pages. Retail price $1.00.—35c.

LIFE OF GIDEON OUSELEY. By the Rev. William Arthur, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 302 pages, with portrait. Retail price $1.00.—45c.

And several other books: see full list in *Guardian*,

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. W. Scott some time ago delivered a sermon in Ottawa on the progress of Methodism in Canada, from which we take the following extract: In 1837 there were only twenty-five thousand and eleven members, and one hundred and fifty ministers and preachers. At the General Conference of 1886 there were one thousand six hundred and seventy ministers and probationers. The membership is now two hundred and ten thousand, and the Church property is estimated at ten millions. There are two hundred thousand children in the Sunday-schools, over whom there are twenty-five thousand officers and teachers.

The Oka Indians have certainly had their share of trouble, and it does not seem probable that they are likely soon to enjoy rest. A petition setting forth their grievances has been prepared, but the Seminary gentlemen appear to be resolved that nothing will satisfy them but the eviction of the poor people from the lands of which they and their fathers have held possession for more than one hundred and thirty years. And what is the crime of which the Okas have been guilty? Simply this, they have renounced Romanism and embraced Protestantism. It is passing strange that the Government of Canada cannot decide whether the Seminary of St. Sulpice has a legal right to possess the land which the Indians claim as theirs. Until this question is set at rest there will be heartburnings and grievous persecutions which are disgraceful to the nineteenth century.

Methodism in Toronto is prospering. The church on Avenue Road will soon be dedicated. The church on Spadina Avenue is being rebuilt and greatly enlarged. Good old Richmond Street is soon to be replaced by another church in a more eligible situation, and the present site to be utilized for a Publishing House and Mission Rooms, which will make it a grand Methodist centre. Woodgreen church is also being enlarged, and the new interest commenced under the pastorate of Rev. T. W. Jeffery bids fair to be very successful. The corner-stone of a new church for the Bathurst Street congregation was laid October 6 by Mr. John Macdonald.

A Macleod Historical Society has been formed at Macleod, Alberta, N. W. T. Rev. John McLean,

M.A., is the Secretary. The society has formed a museum in which to keep relics of the aborigines, specimens of mineralogy, geology, and archeology, etc. A library also has been started. Newspapers are kept on file. Valuable essays on various topics have been read. Several of the members are making a specialty of the study of the early history of the district, and of other special work, and they are sanguine of success.

A few weeks ago the Blood Indians held their sun-dance on their reserve near Fort Macleod. The descriptions given of it are disgusting, cruel and blood-curdling. It seems there were no voluntary candidates for enrolment in the rank of braves, but the white spectators present succeeded in hiring a victim for $3. This poor fellow was then subjected to the accustomed torture. It was more disgraceful to the white men than to the Indians.

Our brethren in the Maritime Provinces are bestirring themselves on behalf of the Sustentation Fund. They wish to bring the salaries on weak circuits up to $750. Last year in Nova Scotia, after all that was done, the average salary was only $520. For this year a vigorous effort will be made to secure $600 for each married man, to obtain which $3,000 will be required, which we hope will be forthcoming. Western Conferences should also be up and doing.

On a recent Sunday four hundred persons were received into full connection at Windsor, Ont. The church is being enlarged, and as a further evidence of prosperity there has been an addition made to the minister's salary.

As one result of Revs. Sam Jones and Sam Small's visit to Boston, it is stated that the brethren of the theological school have formed a kind of city missionary band, somewhat after the order of the Salvation Army. They have chosen the north end of the city for their special field, holding a meeting on Wednesday evenings in a chapel which they have secured. They march around the vicinity with cornet and vocal music to gather in their audience. They were recently attacked by a mob of Roman Catholics and received some injury to their garments and a few painful wounds, but they will not desist, and the police have promised them protection. The young preachers who are engaged in this good work are making a good beginning.

The Death-Roll.

A large accession has been made to the list of the pious dead. The Methodist Episcopal Church has suffered heavily. Bishop Harris, who was within a few days of completing his ministerial jubilee, has been called away. He was characterised by indomitable energy. He was a native of Ohio, and was converted in a Methodist camp-meeting. Before he was nineteen he began to preach. After travelling a few years he became College tutor. He re-entered the pastorate and became Missionary Secretary and Secretary of General Conference. In 1872 he was elected Bishop, and soon afterwards went on a tour around the world. He was abundant in labours. He excelled as a presiding officer, and was an authority in ecclesiastical jurisprudence. He was a manly man, and his death is a loss to the Church.

John Alabaster, D.D., was a Methodist minister in Chicago, and occupied a foremost position among the clergy of that great city. His labours were in great demand both in the pulpit and on the platform. He was regarded as one of the most successful ministers in the West, and a thoroughly good man. Almost his last words were, "Philosophy is a cheat, the boasted power of reason a delusion, the word of God alone is powerful at a time like this. I am ready, all packed up, and I don't want to have to unpack again. Tell my Church I leave my family in their care."

Marshall W. Taylor, D.D., was a native of Lexington, Ky. His parents were coloured people, but they were free when he was born. He became a member of the Methodist Church in his seventeenth year, and when twenty-three he entered the ministry. He soon came to the front and was a

member of the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881, and was a member of two General Conferences, at the last of which, in 1884, he was nominated as Bishop for Africa, but declined, and was elected Editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, with headquarters at New Orleans. His death is a great loss to the coloured people.

Camp Meeting John Allen was permitted to see his 92nd birthday, and a few weeks afterwards died at East Livermore camp-ground. Nothing could be more in accordance with his manner of life, as he was attending his three hundred and seventy-fourth camp-meeting when he was called to his eternal home. When a wicked boy he was converted at a camp-meeting, hence his attachment to "the feast of tabernacles." He was so familiar with the Bible and hymn-book that he could repeat chapters and hymns without either book. His last sermon was preached the day before he died, so that he died in harness.

The parent Methodist body has also had several bereavements. Jas. Barlow, alderman, was a lay-representative at the last Wesleyan Conference. The firm of which he was a member employed more than three thousand workpeople. He was distinguished for his temperance principles, and laboured indefatigably for their spread. His interest in the Children's Home was very great. Some years ago he gave an estate on which a Home was built. Though the head of an immense firm, he was a diligent Sunday-school teacher and a faithful attendant at class. He took great interest in benevolent associations, and laboured hard to elevate the masses. No death in Lancashire for many years has caused such regret. Ten thousand people, most of whom were clad in mourning, were present at the funeral.

In our own Church we have to mourn the death of the amiable and learned David Kennedy, D.D., Principal of Stanstead College. He entered the ministry in 1864, was a graduate of Victoria University, and was always a devoted student. After a few years he entered the educational work, for which he was well qualified. He was first connected with Mount Allison University. In all the positions of the Church which he occupied he gave great satisfaction. His death creates a vacancy which it will be difficult to fill.

Thomas Dudley, a superannuated minister in Guelph Conference, died at Mount Forest in September. He entered the Primitive Methodist ministry in 1859, and laboured hard in Western Ontario. He was a good man, endured much personal and domestic affliction, and for some years was incapacitated for ministerial duties. He now rests.

Rev. John Barclay, D.D., a retired Presbyterian minister, died in Toronto in September. For nearly 38 years he was pastor of St. Andrew's. For many years his business qualifications made him a valuable member in ecclesiastical courts.

The Baptist denomination has suffered a severe bereavement in the death of Senator McMaster. No person in the Church contributed so munificently to its funds. He was one of the princely merchants of Toronto. His success in life was to be attributed to his indefatigable industry. He was never afraid of work. The church on Jarvis Street and McMaster Hall may be regarded as his principal monuments. Outside of his own Church the Bible Society shared most of his benevolence. On two occasions he contributed to Church enterprises with which the writer of these notes was connected. His estate was valued at $1,200,000, $800,000 of which he bequeathed to McMaster University. He thus set an example which our rich merchants would do well to imitate.

Joseph Laurence, of Keswick, near Leeds, died in October last. He took deep interest in Canadian Methodism. For several years he assisted to send young men from England to the mission work in Newfoundland and Eastern British America. He died very happy.

Book Notices.

The Queen's Highway from Ocean to Ocean. By STEWART CUMBERLAND, F.R.G.S. With maps and numerous colotype illustrations. London: Samson Low & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 8vo, pp. 428. Price $4.50.

This sumptuous book is the most adequate and elegant setting forth of the scenic attractions and other interesting features of the Canadian Pacific Railway which has yet appeared. The beautiful colotype illustrations are, many of them, reproductions of the superb large photographs which were exhibited in the recent Indian and Colonial Exhibition at London. They render with singular fidelity the remarkable scenery along this great national highway, especially of the Rocky Mountain section. Mr. Cumberland was charmed with Vancouver's Island. "Its climate," he says, "is the most delightful in the world. In the summer it is never too hot, in the winter it is never too cold. The whole island is Flora's Paradise." "To know British Columbia," he adds, "is to love its climate and to feel a healthful vigour, unacquirable in any other country. The coal fields are immense, reaching, in one direction, over a hundred miles. The value of these coal supplies to the British squadron in the Pacific is simply incalculable."

The author refers in terms of high appreciation to the mission work of Mr. Duncan at Metlakahtla, and of our own Church at Port Simpson.

With the impartiality of an unprejudiced outsider, Mr. Cumberland recites the story of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and gives an ample meed of praise to the energy and enterprise which carried such a vast undertaking, in so short a time, to such a successful completion. The book strongly emphasizes the fact of the vast extent and boundless resources of the great North-West.

Lights of Two Centuries. Edited by the Rev. E. E. HALE, D.D. Illustrated by Fifty Portraits. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 603. Price, post paid, $1.70.

In this book Dr. Hale has done some of the most useful literary work of his life. It covers an immense range of reading and gives the substance of many books condensed into one and suffused with the genius of the accomplished author. It is a collection of biographical sketches of the leading spirits in the world's advancement in the present and the past century. It embodies the latest criticisms, and presents graphically the masterpieces and the master-workers of the world in the most engaging departments of human endeavour as artists and sculptors, as composers and musicians, as poets and prose writers, as inventors, machinists, and industrial workers. Among the great masters of art and literature here commemorated are Thorwaldsen, Canova, Turner, Ingres, and Millet; Swift, Addison, Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Tennyson, Browning, and other great lights of literature; Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, and other great composers; and Arkwright, Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, Edison, and other great inventors. It has been well said that there is a moral stimulus in the instructive life-pictures of those whose lives have made the world brighter and better. This book is admirably adapted for reading circles and the like. It is beautifully printed and elegantly bound, and is very cheap at the price.

Principles of Art. Part I., Art in History; Part II., Art in Theory. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE, Librarian of the Sage Library, New Brunswick, N. J. New York: Fords,

Howard, & Hulbert. 12mo. Vellum cloth. Price $1.50.

In all large centres picture galleries and museums are increasing our acquaintance with art, but comparatively few are acquainted with its informing principles. Mr. Van Dyke tells us that art is but an index of the age in which it is produced; that it is an outgrowth of its surroundings and is dependent upon the sympathies of the race producing it. This is illustrated by dividing art into three stages, each stage advancing upon its predecessor concurrently with the mental evolution of man. Mr. Van Dyke's argument in the first part of his book goes to show the art of to-day to be an individual art, expressive of the artist's ideas, feelings, or sentiments. In the second part of the book he proceeds to argue that art is simply a language, and painting but an expression of the artist's ideas. Ideas and their kinds are then treated of, to show what classes of them are suitable for pictorial representation. This is followed by a chapter on "Subject;" another on "Expression" and the manner of painting; and finally one on the "Individuality" of the artist.

There is a wealth of history and art criticism in the book, aside from the argument, which will well repay the reading. The rapid survey of the world's intellectual growth from the earliest times, through Antiquity, the Middle Ages and the period of the Renaissance, down to the beginning of "the Nineteenth Century movement," is quite masterly. It includes politics, science, philosophy, literature and personal elements, in such a manner as to leave a very vivid and distinct impression of the course of general history which is well worth the getting for its own sake. Art lovers and art students will find the book exceedingly suggestive and instructive.

The Illustrated London News. (American Reprint.) Illustrated News Co., 237 Potter Building, New York City. $4 a year, 10 cents per number. Clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE $3.50.

The Illustrated London News is the oldest and best of all the illustrated papers that we know—and we see regularly the principal ones of England, France, Germany and the United States. Its high price, about $9 a year, has hitherto largely restricted its circulation in Canada. That restriction need no longer exist. It is now reprinted from duplicate plates in New York, and mailed post free to subscribers, at the low price of $4 a year. The engravings, paper, letterpress and general make-up are superior to any of the American papers, and it is considerably larger in size. The number before us has twenty-four pages, and a large two-page engraving extra. The educational value of such a paper in a family is incalculable. It is a pictorial history of the times. The *News'* artists and correspondents are everywhere where important events are occurring, and in whose pages we have a record, far more vivid than any merely written one, of the great events of the age—a record which young as well as old will read with avidity, and from which they will receive vivid and permanent impressions. It will be clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for $3.50 in addition to the price of the MAGAZINE. This will secure the Christmas supplement formerly sold at 50 cents.

Classic German Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. 8vo, pp. 337. New York: Chautauqua Press, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.

The Chautauqua Circles are calling into existence a large amount of admirable literature. We have had frequent occasion to commend the previous volumes of the Chautauqua series by Prof. Wilkinson—the Greek and Latin Courses in English. He has here given us an admirable outline of German literature. This is a book which not merely Chautauquans but the general reader will find extremely interesting and instructive. The author gives a sketch of the life of the leading lights of

German thought and literature, an outline of their chief works, a translation of the more striking passages and a judicious criticism of the whole. Among the writers thus treated are Luther, Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Richter, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and a whole whole host of lesser poets and Romanticists. Such books as this and Prof. Wilkinson's companion work on French literature are even more important than outlines of English literature, because we are less familiar at first hand with the authors treated.

The Why of Methodism. By DANIEL DORCHESTER, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price 70 cents.

Dr. Dorchester is well and widely known by his admirable volume entitled "Problem of Religious Progress." In this small volume he lays the Church of his choice under renewed obligation. He points out the Providential guidance of Methodism in its origin, character, influence, and polity. He says: "The claims I shall put forth for Methodism are very high. No one can be more sensible of this than I am. But I do not see how I can abate them, and face the facts. The view of Methodism which I shall present is not narrow and technical, but a broad survey as it stands forth in the religious history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is the setting which Providence has given it upon the canvas of the age, for Methodism has been a great factor of the times and has deeply wrought itself into the life of the world." But his views are not narrow or bigoted. Every Methodist may derive strength and encouragement from the study of this book.

Woman First and Last, and What She Has Done. By MRS. E. J. RICHMOND. 2 vols. Pp. 271-300. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, the two vols, $2.

Mrs. Richmond has here a charming theme of study and biography, which she treats with much taste and skill. She sketches with loving hand many of the great and gifted women who have blessed our race; as well as some, like Catharine de Medici, who neither blessed nor adorned it. Among the heroines of history and of private life here treated, are Catharine Von Bora, Olympia Morata, Lady Fanshawe, Madam Guyon, Queen Christina, Madam Roland, Marie Antoinette, Susanna Wesley, Barbara Heck, Mrs. Judson, Mary Lyon, Charlotte Brontë, Queen Victoria and many others. Few subjects are more instructive than the study of the great minds or noble hearts that have accomplished brave work for God or man. These volumes will impart much pleasure and valuable information. While not equal in literary merit to Dr. Hale's book mentioned above, they are more religiously helpful.

History of the United States. By EDWARD E. HALE, D.D. 8vo. Pp. 312. New York: Chautauqua Press, and Methodist Book Rooms Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.

This is another of the admirable volumes prepared especially for the C. L. S. C. While this work is not required of Canadian readers, a history of their own country being accepted in its place, yet this volume will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive to Canadian as well as American students. The romantic early history of the thirteen colonies belongs as much to us as to them. The history of the revolutionary war and the war of 1812 is given with fairness and candour, and with a conspicuous absence of that bitterness of spirit by which the narration of these events has sometimes been marked. The history stops with the close of the war of 1812, the tragic events of the late War of Secession being too recent for dispassionate treatment.

The Physiology and Hygiene of the House in which We Live. By MARCUS P. HATFIELD, A.M.,

M.D. 8vo, pp. 283. New York: Chautauqua Press, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.

This book very ingeniously adopts the Scriptural figure of the body as a house. It describes its beams and rafters, its mosaics and tapestries, the "wheel at the cistern"; "the daughters of music and them that look out of the windows": the telegraphs and telephones, the moth and dust and microbes, etc. It treats with eminent judiciousness the complex phenomena of life and laws of health. It enforces the Scriptural doctrine, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God. If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." This is one of the most valuable books of the C. L. S. C. course—valuable for every one, whether a Chautauquan or not.

Gordon Haven—Scenes and Sketches in the Fisher Life of the North. By AN OLD FISHERMAN. Illustrated. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Price 1s. stg.

This book is racy of the sea. It describes fisher life in all its phases, in storm and calm, afloat and ashore. The strong and sturdy Scottish characters are graphically sketched, and the dialect conversations are admirably given. The account of "the Great Revival" of 1859 is of exceeding interest. It quite transformed the rude fishing villages. Daft Robbie, drunken Skipper Scorgie, bumptious Geordie Guller, Sanders McTavish and the rest, are sketched to the very life. At the revival Annie Wedderburn prays thus: "O roose the meetin', Lord! Tak a spunk and kennle their sowls. . . Lord, ye can mak ma crookit prayers straught. Sisters, pray on: Haud the pottie bilin'."

Bits About America. By JOHN STRATHESK, author of "Bits from Blinkbonny." Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Price 1s. stg. Illustrated.

These are the shrewd observations of a keen Scottish observer, blended with a good deal of Scottish humour. The chapters devoted to Canada, with which he was much pleased, will be read with special interest. It is both amusing and instructive to "see ourselves as others see us." Of our venerable friend, Senator Ferrier, he says, "Despite his eighty-seven years he is not only in complete possession of every faculty, but keeping these in such unwearying exercise as to shame younger men—active, alert, courteous, genial and truly great." The author found his countrymen everywhere pushing and thriving. "A Scotchman," he says, "will not only keep the Sabbath, but everything else that he can lay his hands on."

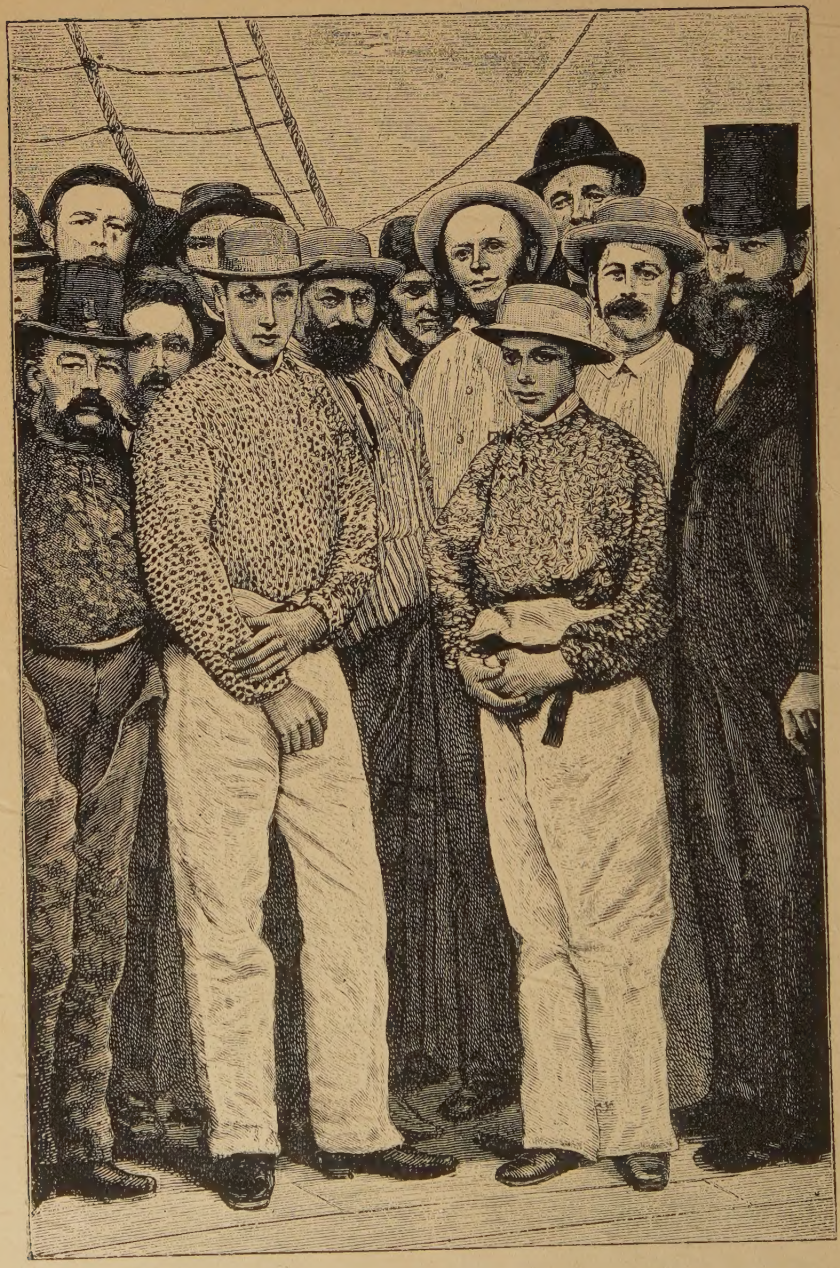
Dorothea Kirke, or Free to Serve. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Illustrated. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Price 1s. stg.

This book is not up to the high-water mark of the accomplished author's "Aldersyde," which drew from Mr. Gladstone a strong letter of commendation. It is an excellent story of pronounced religious tone. But it is in her Scotch stories that the author is at her best. There her foot is on her native heath, and she is inimitable.

Reveries, Reviews, Recollections. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT. Pp. 155. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 40c.

This is a clever volume of thoughtful and suggestive essays and reviews. The most important is a series of chapters on "God in the History of Methodism," tracing in this remarkable religious movement the providential guidings of the Divine hand.

The papers on Revivals and Revivalists, Science and Religion, The Sunday-school and the Church of the future, and Timothy Oldboy's racy recollections, will well repay reading. Brother Hunt wields a graceful pen in both prose and verse. Of the latter several excellent specimens are given.



PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES GOING DOWN A MINE IN AUSTRALIA.